



EERIE

#41

AUG. 1972

76 ILLUSTRATED PAGES OF TERROR AND SUSPENSE

EERIE

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC 75¢ 56320-6

CHESSE PIECES COME
TO LIFE--IN A BATTLE
AGAINST **DAX THE WARRIOR!**
Page 66



EERIE'S MONSTER GALLERY

The Ghouls of SCOTLAND

"THOSE WHO REFUSE TO BELIEVE IN THE EXISTENCE OF MONSTERS AND CREATURES OF THE NIGHT HAVE PROBABLY NEVER HEARD OF **SAWNEY BEANE** AND HIS FAMILY OF FLESH-EATING GHOULS. SOME TWENTY YEARS AFTER HIS BIRTH NEAR EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND, IN THE LATE 1300'S, SAWNEY BEANE FLED WITH HIS WIFE TO A CAVE ON THE RUGGED COAST OF GALLOWAY...

"DURING THE TWENTY-FIVE YEARS THAT THEY LIVED THERE, THEY AND THEIR CHILDREN SURVIVED BY ROBBING AND MURDERING PASSING TRAVELERS...

...THEY THEN **ATE** THE FLESH OF THEIR VICTIMS!

"WHEN SAWNEY BEANE AND HIS FAMILY OF GHOULS WERE FINALLY CAPTURED BY THE AUTHORITIES, THEIR CAVERN HOME WAS FOUND TO CONTAIN A **STORE HOUSE** OF DISMEMBERED HUMAN BODIES, DRIED AND CURED, READY TO BE EATEN!

KEN BARR

"SHORTLY THEREAFTER, SAWNEY BEANE, HIS WIFE AND ALL FORTY-SIX OF THEIR CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN WERE TAKEN TO EDINBURGH AND BURNED TO DEATH FOR THEIR HORRIBLE CRIMES, THUS ENDING ONE OF THE BLACKEST CHAPTERS IN THE HISTORY OF HUMAN MONSTERS...

EERIE

No. 41
AUGUST 1972

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ARTISTS THIS ISSUE: Ken Barr, Luis Garcia, Jerry Grandenetti, Jose Gual,
Esteban Maroto, Paul Neary, Tom Sutton, Jose Bea

WRITERS THIS ISSUE: E.A. Fedory, Esteban Maroto, Fred Ott, Kevin Pagan,
Steve Skeates, John Thraxis, John Wooley

CONTENTS

DEAR COUSIN EERIE

"You've always been tops in my book, Cousin Eerie," writes Atlanta reader Clay Dozier, "but that old skin dome Uncle Creepy gets all the credit."

WARPED!

Sweet dreams of immortality have troubled the sleep of humankind since the dawn of recorded time. Dream no longer, mortals. Infinity is here.

WEST COAST TURNAROUND

And this little piggy went to Los Angeles in search of fame and fortune, popping pills to keep himself awake on the endless drive across country.

HEIR POLLUTION

Crawling horror awaits just beneath the surface of the river bed, implanted there by man in his almighty greed. Beware your tread for terror lurks.

THE CATERPILLARS

Twenty stories beneath the cavernous streets, top government scientists work 24 hours a day, seven days a week, to perfect the ultimate weapon.

DERELICT

Floating there in the cosmos, no more than a smudge, a lone ship of death travels the empty corridors of space, unknown terror its only cargo.

THE SAFEST WAY

He travelled between enemy camps, a martyr in the cause of reason. Visit the not-too-distant future of a paranoid America governed by the military.

EERIE PANFARE

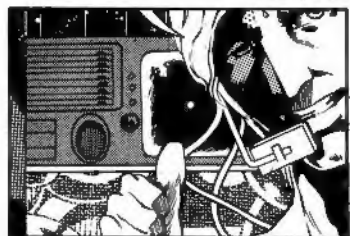
Profile of artist/writer Tom Sutton plus a terror trove of Fan stories including one titled "Cat Fancy" about a woman who was crazy about cats.

CHESS

Dax, the Warrior, fights the battle of the ages on a cosmic chessboard with his father and closest friends as pawns. Beware the Chess Master.



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"Dax, The Warrior is the best thing in EERIE yet!"

This is the first time I've ever gotten up the nerve to write you, Cousin EERIE, I had to. "Dax, The Warrior" is the greatest thing that's ever happened to EERIE. Give us more "Dax!"

RICHARD NOLL
Phoenix, Arizona

Esteban Maroto's artwork on "Dax, The Warrior" in EERIE #39 was one of the greatest efforts yet. "Just Passin' Through" was a drag.

LOUIS BURDO
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I'm a new reader of EERIE but if every issue is as good as EERIE #39, I'll dump Uncle Creepy and subscribe to EERIE. "The Disenfranchised" was magnificent even though the cover was pathetic. While reading "Just Passin' Through" I had the feeling it was just something thrown in to take up space.

STEVE SLEAP
Jacksonville, Fla.

"Ortaal" in EERIE #39 is the best story to come from EERIE since the classic "Hatchet Man" in EERIE #4. Even though I liked the artwork in "Dax, The Warrior" (I especially freaked out over the second to last panel on p.35), I must say that the story was rather corny and milktoast. Whatever happened to good old gutsy Gothic Horror? "The Disenfranchised" was in terribly bad taste. Hey, EERIE, where did all the nudes go? Has something gone wrong with the great daddy, EERIE?

DARREL CREAMER
Redwood City, Calif.

Among the many things in EERIE #39 which I enjoyed was "Ortaal" I was however startled to see (hear?) the Aztec mother refer to the priest as a "swine." As you should know, pigs were not found in pre-Columbian America. Or are you planning another story (pure fantasy) on contacts between the civilizations of the Old World and the New prior to 1492?

THOMAS S. ABLER
Dept. of Anthropology
University of Waterloo
Waterloo, Ontario, Canada

You've always been tops in my book, Cousin EERIE, but that old skin dome Uncle Creepy keeps getting first banana. He was the first to have his own paperback and Fan Club. It wasn't until EERIE #39 that you announced your own Fan Club, long after Uncle Creepy. Let's get with it, Cousin!

CLAY DOZIER
Atlanta, Ga.

Especially enjoyed "Head Shop" and "Ortaal" in EERIE #39. "Dax, The Warrior" had great art but bad story.

GARRY CRUTCHLAN
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

Except for "Just Passin' Through," EERIE #39 was great. The way the giant shrunk was stupid. "Head Shop" was tops.

ROBERT SOKOLNICKI
Chicago, Ill.



This scene from the first "Dax, The Warrior" story in EERIE #39 "freaked out" Redwood City, Ca. reader DARREL CREAMER.

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According to EERIE reader CLAY DOZIER, whose letter appears in the first column, Cousin EERIE gets less than star billing because of Uncle Creepy. Maybe it looks like that but looks can be deceiving. Though Creepy was the first to have a "Creepy Comments" section, EERIE's not far behind. Which is a long way of saying, "Watch out, Uncle! EERIE's out for blood!"

Enjoy the 2-page "Monster Gallery" on Vlad, the Impaler last issue? More on Vlad to come! The INSIDE #46 section of CREEPY #46 has some more dope on old Vlad Dracul.



A chilling view of Vlad Dracul's Rumanian castle as envisioned by Auraleon in EERIE #40, inside front cover.

EERIE #'s 38 & 39 were great! You're doing a hundred times better than that pimply-nosed freak Uncle what-his-name. My favorite stories in EERIE #38 were "Stake in the Game" and "The Night The Snow Spilled Blood." In EERIE #39, I dug "Yesterday is the Day Before Tomorrow" and "The Disenfranchised." Can't wait for EERIE #40.

STEVE GRAHAM
Northport, N.Y.

Just finished my very first EERIE and I thought it was ghoulishly great! "Head Shop" and "Ortaal" were fantastic. I could say more but it would get too corny. Keep up the good work, oh Cousin.

MIKE BOLWELL
Rexdale, Ontario, Canada

EERIE is third rate gore. "Head Shop" in EERIE #39 was a bit more reasonable than "Ortaal." However, the artwork in both left much to be desired. The only good things about EERIE are the letters pages, the cover and Esteban Maroto's artwork.

JEANICE SHERMAN
Glendale, Calif.

"Dax, The Warrior" in EERIE #39 was great! Keep the series going as it's absolutely beautiful! I've never once looked at CREEPY.

MARK SPOOLSTRA
Thornton, Ill.

AT LAST! YOU ASKED FOR IT! ANNOUNCING THE NEW EERIE FAN CLUB!



MEMBERSHIP CARD

JOIN NOW!

Get your 8-1/2 x 10" portrait of Cousin Eerie by comics genius Richard Corben, PLUS Club Badge, PLUS Individually-Numbered Membership Card!! Send \$2.00 with the coupon below:

EERIE FAN CLUB
P.O. Box 430
Murray Hill Station
New York, N.Y. 10016

Enclosed is my \$2.00

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____



"Slobbering werewolves and vampires are an American psychosis!"

This is written in anger (mostly). That's right! I was feeling high today and picked up my old man's (boyfriend's) latest copy of EERIE, #39. He's got a subscription to all three of your books. That's right, I'm a (gasp) female and I read 'em too. But I flung EERIE #39 down in disgust when I read that inane letters page. Boy, are those letters dumb! What blew my top were the two letters from Ron Sapp and Rennie Mirolo. Seems their main gripe is (horrors!) scantily clad females in the hallowed pages of EERIE. Now there isn't a thing wrong with scantily clad females. It's all right to have slobbering werewolves with blood, flesh and rotting brain sores drizzling from their jaws, skewered, withering, decaying bodies of festering, sore-like cavities in the mouths of gluttonous vampires, meat cleavers splattering gore all over the pages, but no scantily clad females. It's just one of America's good old psychoses. Let's have blood and rot and death instead of the beauty of the human body. If all this sounds like the barkings of some Women's Lib member, well, who knows? But wait, don't go away mad! I dig your stories, especially Vampirella. I just hope you don't let your stories fall under the directives of narrow-minded, stuffy idiots. Don't short us women. We're half of you, ya know. Show a few of us as we really are. OK, that's all. Thanks for the memories.

MARILYN CROSETTI
Ithaca, N.Y.

I am really an Uncle Creepy fan but I thought EERIE #39 was super, especially "Head Shop" and "The Disenfranchised." Give my regards to Uncle Creepy.

TOMMY BOWMAN
Woodlawn, Va.

Who's he?

EERIE #39 got off to an excellent start, thanks wholly to Ken Kelly's cover. It was a cover that almost screamed, "Horror!" As for the contents, none of the stories lacked in artwork. In fact, the art was some of the best I've seen but most of the stories sadly lacked in writing. One thing I will say, though. I was glad to see a total absence of vampires and werewolves. "Just Passin' Through" might have been great if EERIE was a mythology magazine. It was not, I repeat, not, a horror story in any shape or form. "Dax, the Warrior" succeeded in being both adult and mature.

DAVE DAPKEWICZ
Wind Gap, Pa.

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY

HEAD SHOP



One of the chilling scenes from "Head Shop"

Writer Don Glut comments on his story "Head Shop" which appeared in EERIE #39: "The origin of 'Head Shop' is almost as strange as the story itself. While walking down Hollywood Blvd., I passed a store that made and sold wigs. The wigs were displayed in the window on wooden heads. I stopped and did a double take. One of the display heads looked exactly like someone I knew! Good Lord, I gasped. What if someone actually took a human head and...? Well, 'Head Shop' provided the answer to my question."

DON GLUT

In EERIE #39, Tom Sutton turned in one of the finest pieces of artwork I have ever seen. The outline of the panels gave the story a cinematic style. "Dax, The Warrior" was a little better than average thanks to Maroto's artwork.

CRANG LEBETTER
Houston, Texas

You really had it made, EERIE, but what happened? Your book's been turned into a slaughterhouse! Your writers think they're General Patton!

MIKE BURNHAM
Bowdoinham, Maine

Ken Kelly's cover of EERIE #39 was perfect for a magazine titled EERIE because that's just what the cover was—eerie. As for the stories, "Dax, The Warrior" was the best! Maroto produced a fine tale in both script and art. Coming in as a very close second was "The Disenfranchised." This was a fine tale of true horror that could really give readers the chills. The piece should have had gorier wording however, like the old E.C. comics used. (Speaking of E.C. comics, see p. 65—ed.) Instead, it relied on the art almost entirely for gore. Other stories that added to the issue were "Ortaal," "Head Shop" and "Just Passin' Through." "Yesterday is the Day Before Tomorrow" left me with mixed feelings. EERIE should continue to feature Science Fiction but this one was a bit dull. Must say that I don't agree with reader Ron Sapp's point of view.

JEFF KADISH
South Windsor, Conn.

Best story in EERIE #39 was "Head Shop." I wanted to read it again but I couldn't because it was too terrifying.

VINCE DURBIN
Ontario, Canada

I went through a lot of hassle to get EERIE #39. I had to look all over town for a copy but when I found one I was well satisfied. Ken Kelly's cover was great. EERIE is the best in illustrated horror, not Creepy. With this letter, I'm ordering a subscription to EERIE. Just to show you how great I think EERIE is, I cut the subscription coupon out of Creepy.

TONY COURT
West Palm Beach, Fla.

EERIE #39 has increased the value of my life.

DAN MASSONI
Chicago, Ill.

I think EERIE is great! Your last few issues have knocked Creepy dead. Some of your stories are so good I think they should be televised.

GUY RAVALLIO
Hillsdale, N.J.

From now on, count me in as a regular EERIE reader. A big pat on the back for Maroto for his "Dax, The Warrior." Really laughed my head off reading "Head Shop." Well, as Leon Trotsky used to say, "More blood! More blood!" In the past, I always used to see copies of EERIE but I never read them. With EERIE #39, you've hooked me. Looking forward to future issues.

LEONARD FORMALIK
Buffalo, N.Y.

You say you laughed your head off reading "Head Shop"? I know this haberdashery that might be interested in your problem.

EERIE #39 was a disappointment. I absolutely hated "Dax, The Warrior." "Head Shop" was good but not spooktacular. Some of the artwork looked like it needed more work. If you keep printing "Dax," I'll give up on you.

JOEL MATTHEWS
Great Bend, Pa.

I am a longtime fan of yours, Cousin EERIE. Along about EERIE #35, things started to go bad. Either there was too much Sword & Sorcery or sex. EERIE was lacking in horror. I really thought this was the end of the great EERIE until I read EERIE #39. Well, the great EERIE is back! "Head Shop" was great! "Just Passin' Through" suffered from a weak ending. "Dax, The Warrior" was pretty good but the ending was sick.

PAUL JOUCHE
Tucson, Ariz.

I wish those dummies who write in to complain would shut up. They don't know a truly great magazine when they see one. Keep the vampires, werewolves and monsters coming. We'd also like to see some lunatics once in a while, like the guy with the grin in EERIE #39.

DON FORD
Dallas, Texas

EERIE #39 had something for everyone. From now on, I'm strictly an EERIE fan. Keep up the gruesome work. Got to go now as the moon is turning full and it's time.

BOB MATTER
Hammond, Indiana

FRIENDS, READERS, COUNTRYMEN!
LEND ME YOUR EARS. WRITE ME!
Address your letters to:

DEAR COUSIN EERIE
c/o Warren Publishing Co.
145 East 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016



Ever dream of obtaining immortality? Are you just dying to live forever? And do you naive humans really think such a goal would turn out to your liking? Believe me, don't dwell on it too much. You just might become a little bit...



MY NAME IS GEORGE MARKSON. I...ATTEND THE COLLEGE UPSTATE. THERE I HEARD RUMORS ABOUT.... THE INFINITY GLAND. I WANT ONE, I'LL PAY YOU ANYTHING TO GET IT.

MY ORGANIZATION DOES NOT SEEK FUNDS. WE ARE CONDUCTING A SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT. WE REQUIRE VOLUNTEERS.

I VOLUNTEER! MY BODY CRAVES AN INFINITY GLAND. I LOCATED ONE OF YOUR CONTACTS AT THE SCHOOL...EXPLAINED WHAT I WANTED. HE BLINDFOLDED ME AND DROVE ME HERE.

TELL ME...WHERE AM I? WHAT IS YOUR ORGANIZATION? HOW DID IT COME BY THE GLAND?

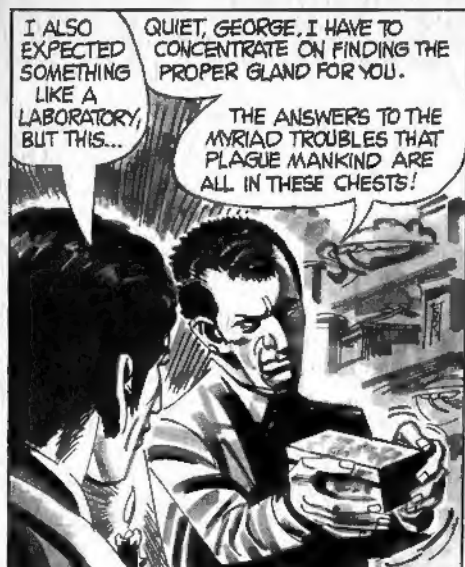
IF YOU TRULY WISH AN INFINITY GLAND... OUR ANSWER TO DISEASE, IGNORANCE AND DEATH...YOU SHALL RECEIVE ONE. FREE OF CHARGE.

ONE MINUTE WHILE I PUT DOWN YOUR NAME FOR THE RECORDS...MY NAME IS CAHILL.

TIME IS A VERY TANGIBLE ELEMENT HERE.

STRANGE, I SOMEHOW EXPECTED SOMEONE OLDER. BUT YOU LOOK JUST A LITTLE PAST MY AGE. THIS ROOM LOOKS SO ANCIENT, AS IF WORN OUT BY TIME.



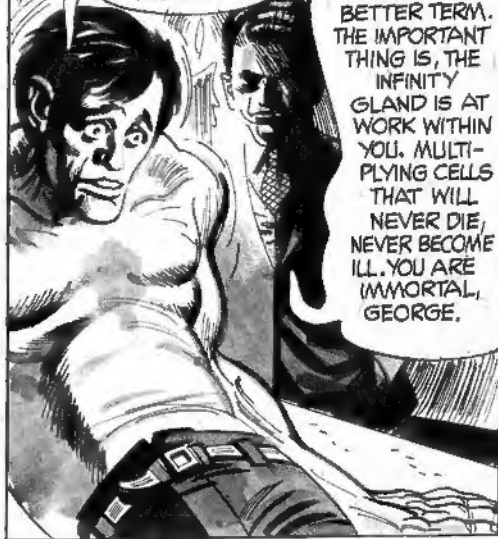




YOU MAY RISE NOW, GEORGE. THE OPERATION WAS A SUCCESS.



THIS GREY PATCH OF SKIN ON MY CHEST. WHAT..?



CALL IT A SCAR, FOR LACK OF A BETTER TERM. THE IMPORTANT THING IS, THE INFINITY GLAND IS AT WORK WITHIN YOU. MULTIPLYING CELLS THAT WILL NEVER DIE, NEVER BECOME ILL. YOU ARE IMMORTAL, GEORGE.

I AM? W-WHAT ABOUT ACCIDENTAL INJURY?



YOUR SYSTEM IS NOW CAPABLE OF INSTANTLY REPLACING DAMAGED CELLS AND ORGANS WITH NEW ONES. NO, YOUR DEMISE IS UTTERLY IMPOSSIBLE, GEORGE. ONE SMALL DIFFICULTY YOU MAY HAVE TO WATCH OUT FOR...

YOU MAY HAVE TO EXPERIENCE....

A WARP.



A WARP? I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND...



YOU SEE, YOUR SYSTEM WAS PREVIOUSLY EQUIPPED TO FUNCTION FOR NOT LONGER THAN ONE CENTURY. IT MUST BECOME ACCLIMATED TO AN UNENDING PERIOD OF TIME BEYOND THAT. CERTAIN PHYSIOLOGICAL AND MENTAL CHANGES WILL OCCUR.



MY GOD!
ISN'T THAT...
DANGEROUS?

WHY WORRY? DIDN'T I TELL YOU YOU'RE INCAPABLE
OF INJURY OR DEATH? STILL, I PLAN TO
SUBJECT YOU TO AN EXAMINATION SOMETIME IN
THE FUTURE.

REMEMBER, GEORGE. YOU MIGHT
EXPERIENCE A WARP ANYTIME.
ANYTIME....



WHAT'S THIS BIT, GEORGE? I AGREED TO A DATE WITH
YOU, NOT A ROMP IN THE WOODS. WE'RE TAKING IN
A MOVIE, DIG?

HEY, ARE YOU
LISTENING TO
ME?

H...HOW DID
I GET HERE,
ROSALIE?



HOO, BOY! ARE YOU
HIGH OR SOMETHING?
YOU ASKED ME OUT
YESTERDAY. I KNOW
YOU'VE BEEN IN A
DAZE ALL DAY,
BUT....

THE DATE, ROSALIE. I
DON'T MEAN OURS.
WHAT IS TODAY'S
DATE?



MARCH 2,
1972, YOU
NUT! WHAT
DID YOU
THINK IT
WAS?

LORD, OVER 24 HOURS HAVE GONE
BY SINCE I SAW CAHILL. HOURS I
DON'T RECALL.... CAN'T ACCOUNT
FOR. THE LAST THING I REMEMBER
IS THAT WEIRD, CANDLELIT ROOM.
THE TIME WARP... IT'S ALREADY
AFFECTED ME. I WONDER. IS IT
OVER NOW?



LET ME
EXPLAIN. I'M
SORRY
ABOUT THIS.
REALLY....



...SORRY...
...UHH?

QUIT
MUMBLING,
GEORGE.
MR. FORTE IS
LECTURING.

...IN THE 9TH
CENTURY, WHEN
THE SARACENS
THREATENED
ROME, POPE
LEO IV
SUMMONED THE
ARMIES OF
LOUIS II.
FOLLOWING
THE DEATH OF
LOUIS, ITALY
WAS INVADDED
BY....

A CALENDAR WATCH ON MY WRIST. WHEN DID I BUY IT?
BLAZES! TODAY IS SEPTEMBER 8, 1972!

I'VE SKIPPED MONTHS AHEAD IN TIME. IS IT ALL IN MY MIND?

I'M IN ONE OF MY CLASSES. MUST'VE BEEN ATTENDING COLLEGE ALL THIS TIME IN SOME KIND OF TRANCE...

I HOPE MY LECTURE HASN'T BORED YOU TOO MUCH, MR. MARK-SON. ARE YOU ASLEEP OR STILL WITH US?

YOU WITH US, MISTER?

YEAH, HE'S ONE OF US. GIVE 'IM A RIFLE. HE'LL NEED IT SOON.

GOT TO LEARN WHERE I AM.

TOUGH BREAK, BUDDY. WE'RE IN ONE OF THIS CITY'S STINKIN' ALLEYS...WAITIN' FOR AN ATTACK BY THE BALDIES.

I...I'M SUFFERING FROM AMNESIA. PLEASE...TELL ME WHERE I AM.

YOU KNOW...THOSE PUNK JUVENILES WHO HATE RESPECTABLE, LONG HAIR. SHAVE IT OFF INSTEAD. THEY MUST BE SICK!

"EVER SINCE THE U.S. MILITARY INVOLVMENT IN INDIA, THE STREETS HAVEN'T BEEN SAFE 'CAUSE OF THESE PROTESTING BRATS. TODAY WE'RE GONNA TEACH THEM A LESSON."

"HELL I USED TO DEMONSTRATE AGAINST VIETNAM AS A KID! BUT THAT WAS **DIFFERENT**..."

APRIL 5 1991
YOUTH-RIDTS GRIP CITY

HEY! HEADS UP! HERE'S THE DEMONSTRATION WE'VE BEEN EXPECTIN'. GET READY TO PICK YOUR TARGETS.



GOOD LORD-

THE FACE IN THAT PANE OF GLASS! IT'S ME! I MUST BE IN MY FORTIES. I'VE WARPED INTO THE FUTURE 20 YEARS!



OKAY....
BLAST 'EM!

PEACE
NOW!

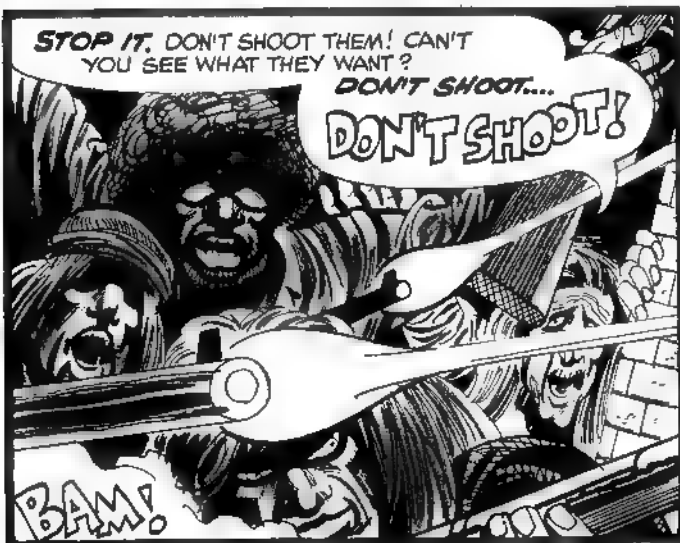
HANDS
OFF
CALCUTTA



STOP IT. DON'T SHOOT THEM! CAN'T
YOU SEE WHAT THEY WANT?

DON'T SHOOT....

DON'T SHOOT!



....DON'T SHOOT....





GOD HELP ME! I'VE TIME-WARPED AGAIN! MY BODY'S AGED ABOUT 80 YEARS. HAVE TROUBLE MOVING...

WH-WHAT PLACE IS THIS? LOOKS LIKE AN AIRBASE OF SOME SORT. FOR LAUNCHING SPACE-CRAFT.

(COFF! COFF!) THE AIR.... IT'S LIKE INHALING ACID! POLLUTION....AS FAR AS I CAN SEE.



AGGH! I AM CHOKING TO DEATH! NO OXYGEN...

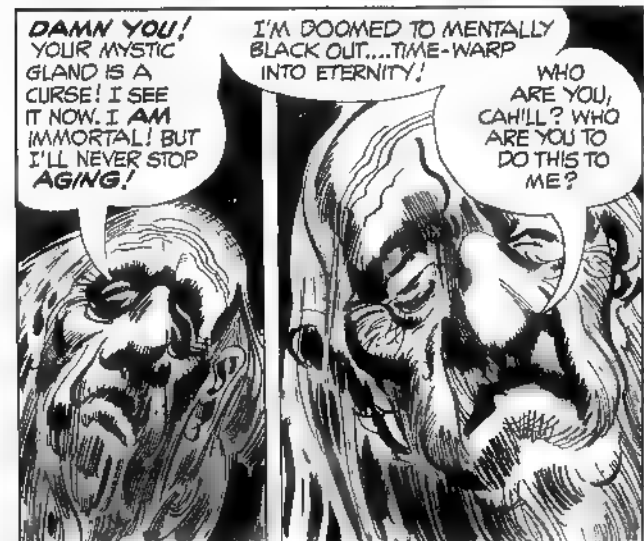
A SIGN. MAYBE IT CAN LEAD ME TO SHELTER AND AIR.

SMOG HAS INHERITED THE EARTH. (COFF!) MAN HAS FLED TO THE STARS. I AM ALONE. (COFF!) ALONE AND DYING! DYING!



YOU WOULDN'T HAVE DIED, GEORGE. YOUR SYSTEM WOULD'VE ADAPTED IN TIME. HAA. TIME!

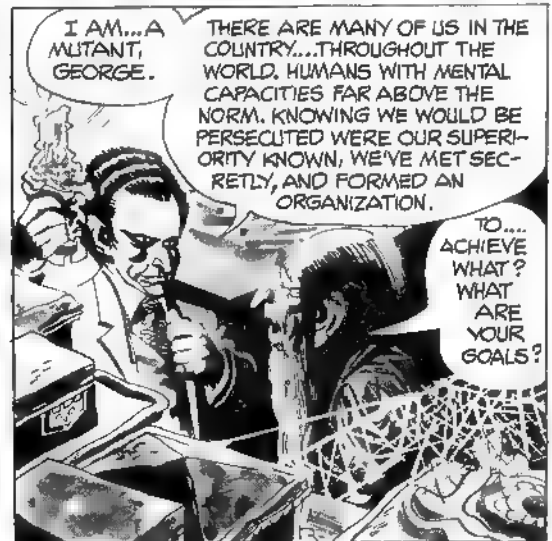
IT IS ALSO TIME FOR YOUR EXAMINATION. HOW HAVE THE YEARS BEEN TREATING YOU?



DAMN YOU! YOUR MYSTIC GLAND IS A CURSE! I SEE IT NOW. I AM IMMORTAL! BUT I'LL NEVER STOP AGING!

I'M DOOMED TO MENTALLY BLACK OUT....TIME-WARP INTO ETERNITY!

WHO ARE YOU, CAH'LL? WHO ARE YOU TO DO THIS TO ME?



I AM...A MUTANT, GEORGE.

THERE ARE MANY OF US IN THE COUNTRY...THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. HUMANS WITH MENTAL CAPACITIES FAR ABOVE THE NORM. KNOWING WE WOULD BE PERSECUTED WERE OUR SUPERIORITY KNOWN, WE'VE MET SECRETLY, AND FORMED AN ORGANIZATION.

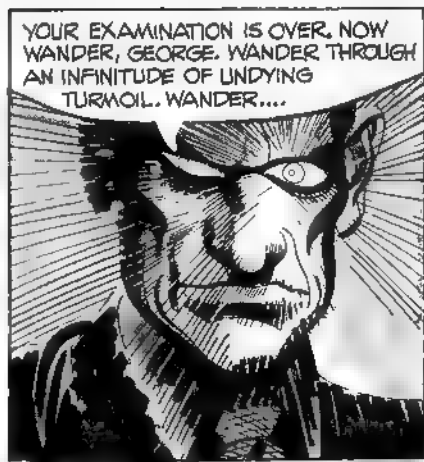
TO... ACHIEVE WHAT? WHAT ARE YOUR GOALS?



TO **PUNISH** YOU. MERELY TO **PUNISH** YOU. TO MAKE YOUR RACE PAY FOR ITS NARROW-MINDEDNESS.

THE LURE OF LONGEVITY ALWAYS BRINGS VICTIMS TO ONE OF OUR "CLINICS" GREED! BEHOLD, GEORGE, THE UGLY SIDE OF YOUR SOUL.

YOU'RE INSANE! A BRUTAL, REVENGE SEEKING MADMAN! CAN'T YOU SEE HOW POINTLESS THIS ALL IS?



YOUR EXAMINATION IS OVER. NOW WANDER, GEORGE. WANDER THROUGH AN INFINITY OF LINDYING TURMOIL. WANDER....



THE NEXT DAY....

YES? MAY I HELP YOU?



EXCUSE ME... I'VE HEARD RUMORS OF A CERTAIN GLAND....



AHH, I BELIEVE I HAVE JUST WHAT YOU NEED.

Sheesh!
Talk about the warped minds in some colleges these days. Funny thing... but after this story I suddenly have an awful lot of time on my hands...



MIKE HARRIS IS ONE OF MANY UNSKILLED LABORERS WHO LIVE AND WORK IN THIS COUNTRY. SEMI-LITERATE, WORKING AT A SUCCESSION OF ODD JOBS TO KEEP HIMSELF AND HIS FAMILY GOING, MIKE HARRIS IS A LOSER. IT IS EARLY IN THE MORNING AND THE LETTER SURPRISES HIM.



OH, MIKE! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT THERE. IT SOUNDS GOOD, YOUR DAD DOESN'T GET EXCITED OVER NOTHING.

I KNOW, PAM HONEY... BUT WE'LL NEED THE MONEY TO MAKE THE TRIP, I'M GONNA CALL DOWN TO HALL TRUCKING SERVICE AND SEE IF OLD MR. HALL'S GOT ANYTHING I CAN DO. I'VE DRIVEN SOME OF HIS TRUCKS LONG DISTANCE BEFORE!



HALL TRUCKING SERVICE AND MR. HALL TAKES THE CALL FROM A HOPEFUL MIKE HARRIS.

HALL HERE, YEAH! HOW YA DOIN', HARRIS? WELL, AS A MATTER OF FACT ONE OF MY REGULAR BOYS IS SICK, HE WAS S'POSED TO DRIVE A REEFER OUT TO L.A. TODAY. THINK YOU COULD MAKE IT? OKAY! GET DOWN HERE QUICK AS YOU CAN.



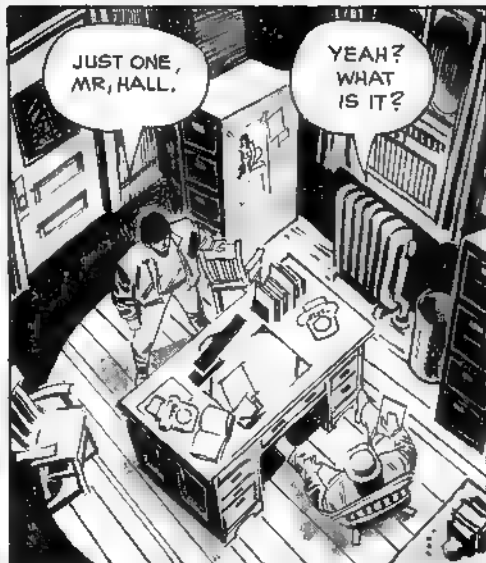
THE LONG AND WINDING ROAD...
HERE'S A STORY ABOUT AN UNEASY RIDER...
A REAL NOWHERE MAN!

WEST COAST TURNAROUND





OKAY, HARRIS, YOU'RE IT!
YOU TAKE THIS BEEF
OVER TO FEARS PACKING
PLANT. THE ADDRESS IS
ON THIS SLIP OF PAPER.
ANY QUESTIONS?



JUST ONE,
MR. HALL.

YEAH?
WHAT
IS IT?



WELL, I GOT TO GET BACK AS QUICK
AS I CAN, I WAS WONDERIN' IF
YOU GOT ANY OF THEM BENNIES?
YOU KNOW, THEM PILLS THAT
KEEP YOU AWAKE SO YOU
DON'T HAVE TO PULL OFF
AND SLEEP ON THE WAY.



A JOB LIKE
THIS TAKES
A *SPECIAL*
PILL. I GOT
ONE HERE
THAT OUGHTA
DO THE JOB.



THIS HERE'S CALLED A "WEST
COAST TURNAROUND." THEY CALL
IT THAT 'CAUSE YOU CAN TAKE
IT, DRIVE TO THE WEST COAST,
TURN AROUND, AND STILL BE
GOIN' STRONG!

WON'T SOMETHIN' THAT
STRONG MAKE ME SEE
THINGS? YOU KNOW,
HAVE VISIONS?



WELL, THERE MIGHT BE
A FEW HALLUCINATIONS,
THEY CALL 'EM, BUT I
IMAGINE YOU CAN
HANDLE IT, JUST REMEMBER
THAT THEY'RE NOT REAL
... JUST IN YOUR MIND.



DON'T WORRY,
I CAN HANDLE
IT, MR. HALL.

AN HOUR LATER, HARRIS' TRUCK WAS LOADED AND HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO CALIFORNIA...WHERE HE HOPED TO WORK SIDE BY SIDE WITH HIS FATHER, AFTER HE FINISHED THE JOB.

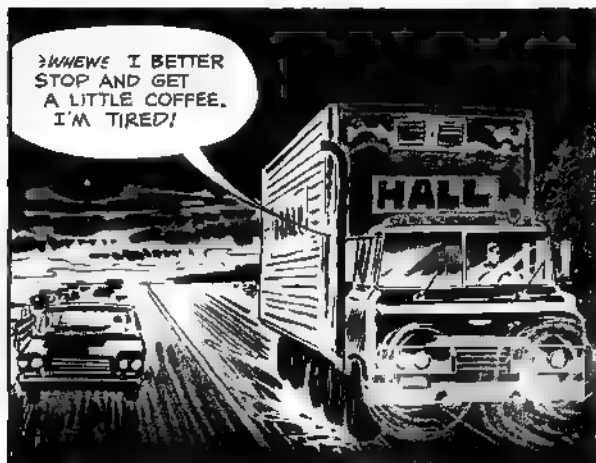


MIKE DROVE ON, THE MILES PASSING BY AS HE ENVISIONED HIS NEW LIFE IN CALIFORNIA. NIGHT FELL, AND DAY CAME, AND STILL MIKE DROVE ON, REINFORCED ONLY BY HIS DREAMS.



HE WAS WELL PAST THE NEW MEXICO STATE LINE WHEN HE REALIZED HOW SLEEPY HE WAS GETTING.

IT WAS ONLY WHEN HE REACHED INTO HIS POCKET FOR A CIGARETTE THAT HE REMEMBERED THE PILL THAT HALL HAD GIVEN HIM...



THE "WEST COAST TURNAROUND"... HE HAD HEARD STORIES ABOUT THE PILL IN SHOOTING THE BULL WITH OTHER TRUCK DRIVERS... STORIES ABOUT WIERD VISIONS.

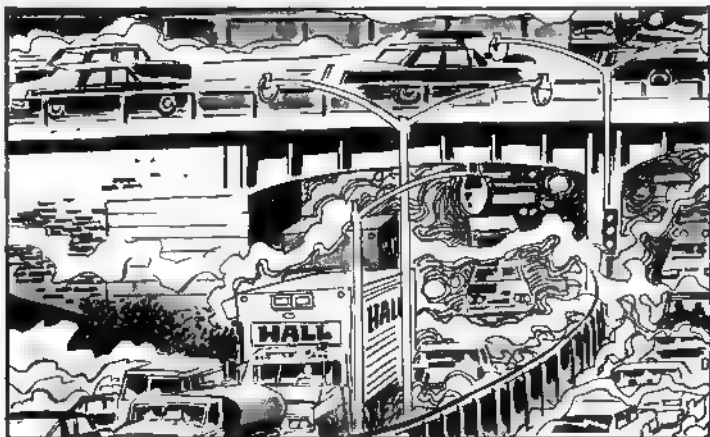
OLD SHULTZ HAD CORNERED HIM IN A BAR TO TELL HIM WHAT HE HAD SEEN ON HIS LAST TEN CITY RUN! MONSTERS, HE SAID! AND ORANGE OIL DERRICKS LAYING LENGTHWISE ACROSS THE ROAD.



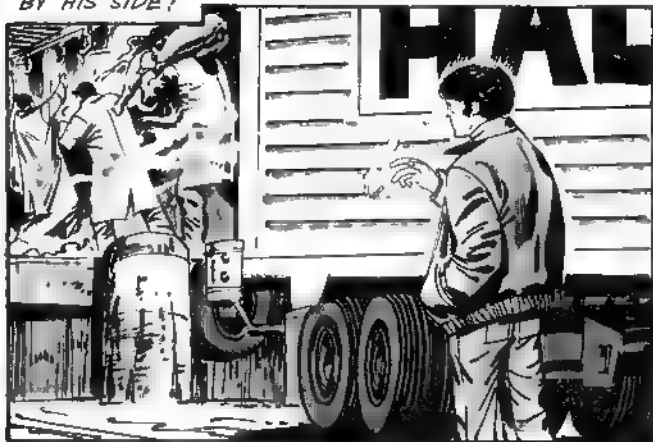


WHAT
TH' HELL!

MIKE DROVE ON, FINALLY REACHING THE OUTSKIRTS OF LOS ANGELES. HE NOTICED NO ILL EFFECTS FROM THE PILL EXCEPT FOR HIS DAYDREAMS WHICH HAD BECOME MORE VIVID AND INTENSE. HE FORCED HIMSELF OUT OF THE REVERIE AND DROVE ON... THERE WAS NO DESIRE OR NEED TO SLEEP!



MIKE WAS IN A GOOD MOOD AS HE WATCHED THE MEN UNLOAD HIS TRUCK, SOON, HE WOULD BE ON HIS WAY HOME AGAIN. THERE, MAYBE HE'D REST... SLEEP A FEW HOURS, AND THEN BEGIN THAT FINAL JOB BACK TO CALIFORNIA... THIS TIME WITH PAM AND HIS SON SHANE BY HIS SIDE!

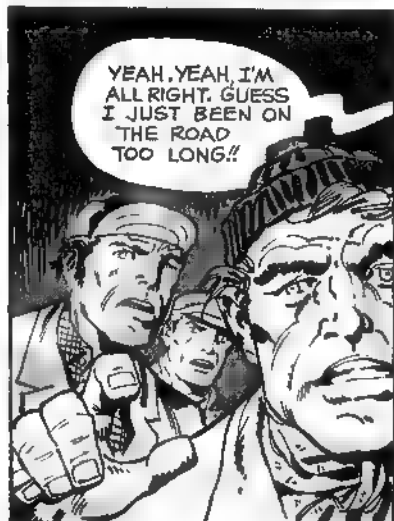


SUDDENLY HIS VISION BLURRED. THE SURROUNDINGS WERE HAZY, NEBULOUS AND UNREAL. HE SHUT HIS EYES AND LEANED BACK AGAINST THE TRUCK BUMPER FOR SUPPORT!



YOU
OKAY,
BUDDY?

WHEN MIKE OPENED HIS EYES, THE WORLD WAS NORMAL AGAIN.

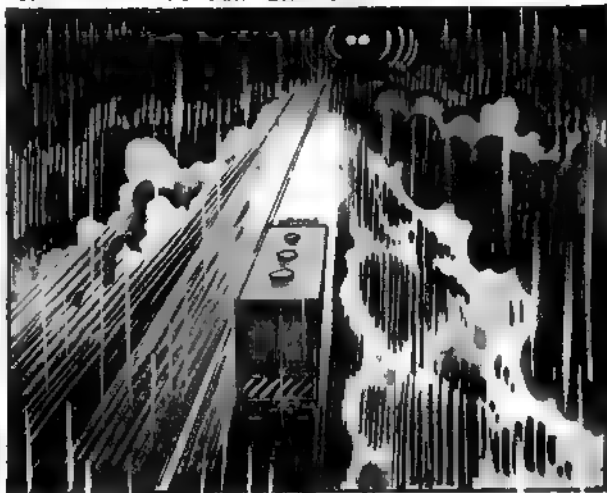


YEAH, YEAH, I'M
ALL RIGHT. GUESS
I JUST BEEN ON
THE ROAD
TOO LONG!!

BY THE TIME MIKE PULLED OUT OF THE CITY IT WAS DARK. THERE WERE NO FURTHER ILL EFFECTS FROM THE PILL. HE HAD WRITTEN OFF THE MOMENTARY LOSS OF VISION AS A CONSEQUENCE OF STAYING AWAKE SO LONG! HIS SPIRITS HAD FALLEN AND THERE WAS A CREEPING SENSE OF FATIGUE!



ALL THAT REMAINED WAS THE TRIP HOME. ANOTHER FEW DAYS AND NIGHTS, AND THEN SLEEP...AND THAT LAST TRIP TO CALIFORNIA WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILD.



A CAR SEEMED TO APPEAR IN THE ROAD, DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF MIKE'S TRUCK!



HE SWERVED AND BRAKED VIOLENTLY! BUT THERE WAS NO WAY TO MISS IT!



HE TOOK A CIGARETTE OUT AND LIT IT, HANDS QUIVERING IN AN EFFORT TO CALM DOWN!



SOON HE WAS BACK ON THE ROAD, SOMEWHAT SHAKEN BY THE EXPERIENCE.



WISH THERE WAS SOMEONE WITH ME ON THIS TRIP THIS STUFF SCARES ME.

IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE HE NOTICED A SHRILL PIERCING NOISE, AND THEN ANOTHER AND ANOTHER, UNTIL THE WHOLE CAB SEEMED FILLED WITH SOUNDS.



THIS IS CRAZY! BIRDS IN THE CAB! IT CAN'T BE!

HE TURNED AND SAW BLACK-BIRDS DARTING AROUND HIM! STARTLED, MIKE SWATTED AT THEM, HIS HAND ARCHING RIGHT THROUGH THE BIRDS' BODIES!



THE BLACKBIRDS DISAPPEARED, BUT WERE REPLACED BY OTHER, EQUALLY TERRIFYING IMAGES! THEY WERE COMING FASTER, ALMOST INDISTINCT FROM ONE ANOTHER. HE DID HIS BEST TO IGNORE THEM. HE DROVE DOGGEDLY, HIS SENSES STRAINED, PUSHING HIS OVERTAXED, SWEAT-STAINED BODY TO THE LIMIT. THIS WAS THE ROAD HOME... THE ROAD HOME...



ANOTHER VISION! SHULTZ WAS RIGHT. WHEN DOES THIS THING LET UP?

SOON THE VISIONS WERE SO HORRIBLE AND NUMEROUS THAT MIKE ONCE AGAIN HAD TO PULL OFF THE ROAD. HE STUMBLED, SOBBING, FROM THE CAB OF HIS TRUCK.



IF I ONLY HAD SOMEONE TO TALK TO, I JUST KNOW IT'D BE ALL RIGHT. I JUST KNOW! IF ONLY I COULD GET HOME.



WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS, MIKE.

WHAT?



WE'RE HERE...

YES, MR. HARRIS! WE'RE HERE AND WE'RE VERY LONELY



BUT WHAT IS THIS? AM I HEARING DEAD PEOPLE?





PROLOGUE





NORMAN MAYO MAY HAVE INHERITED THE FAMILY BUSINESS, BUT, AS WE'LL SEE SOON, HE'S INHERITED A LEGACY OF HORROR AS WELL! GRAB YOUR GAS MASKS, FELLOW FIENDIES, AS WE EXAMINE THE ROTTEN RAMIFICATIONS IN THIS CASE OF...

HEIR POLLUTION!

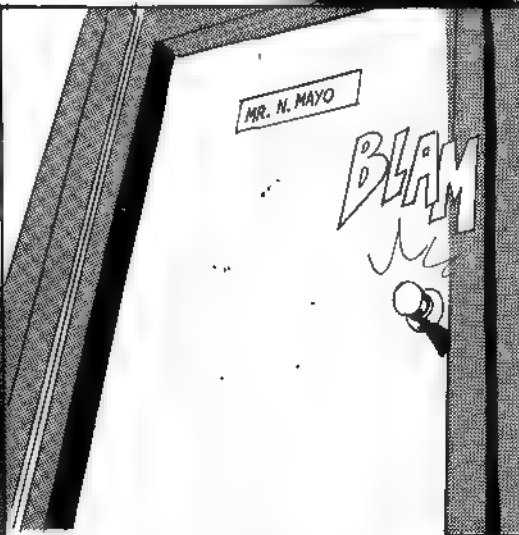
NORMAN MAYO KEPT HIS WORD. WITHIN TWO WEEKS AFTER HIS FATHER'S DEATH, HE HAD INCREASED PRODUCTION AT THE FERTILIZER FACTORY TO THREE TIMES WHAT IT HAD BEEN UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF HIS FATHER.

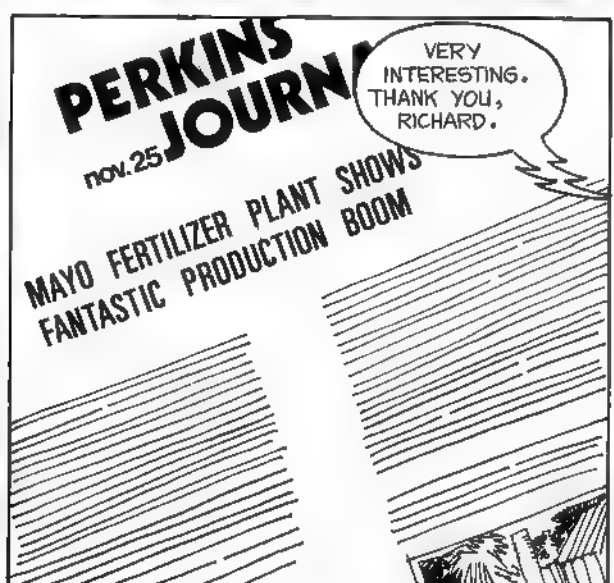
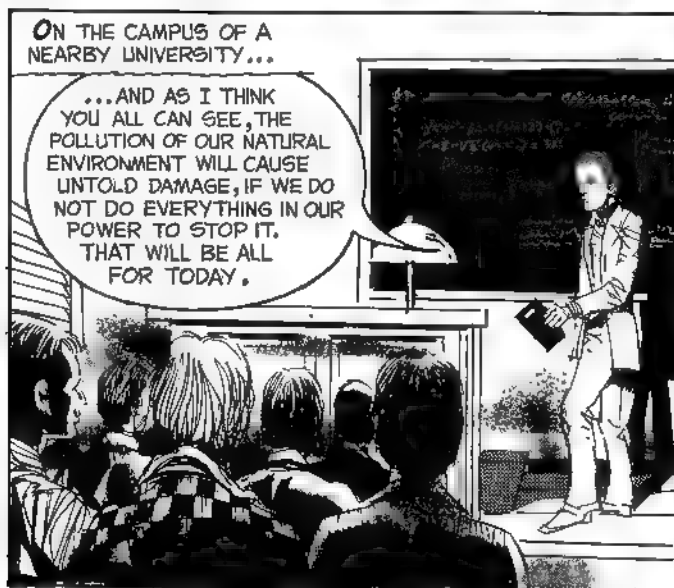


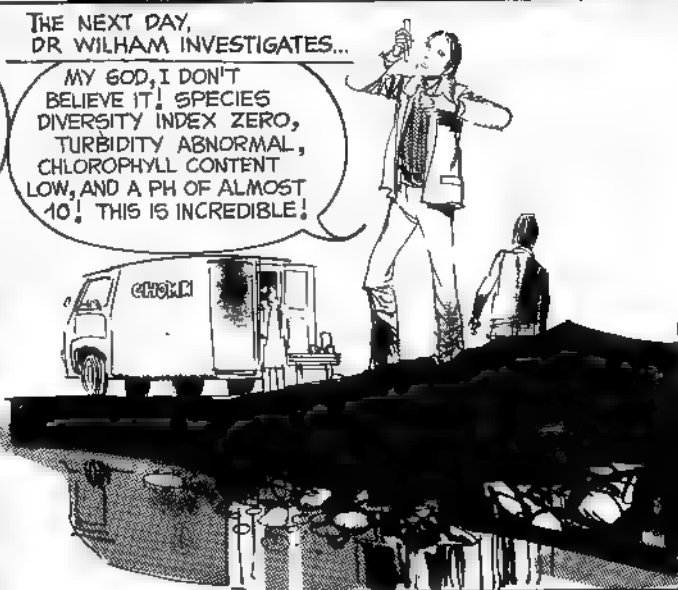
BUT NORMAN MAYO'S HANDLING OF THE FACTORY WAS NOT WITHOUT ITS PROBLEMS.

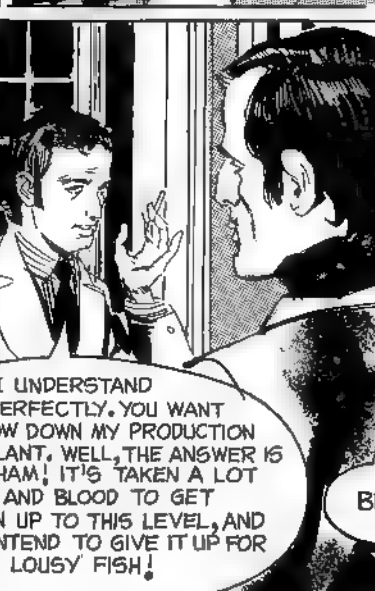
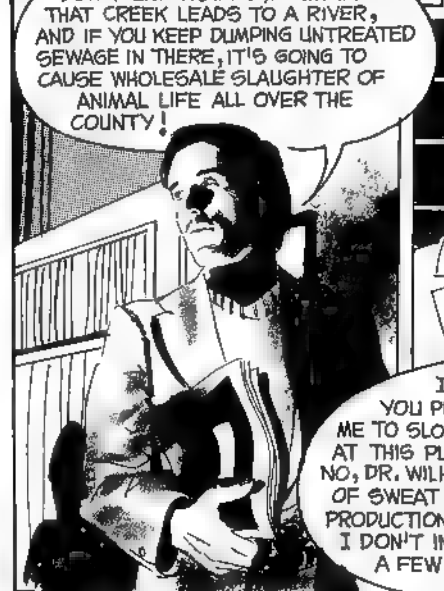
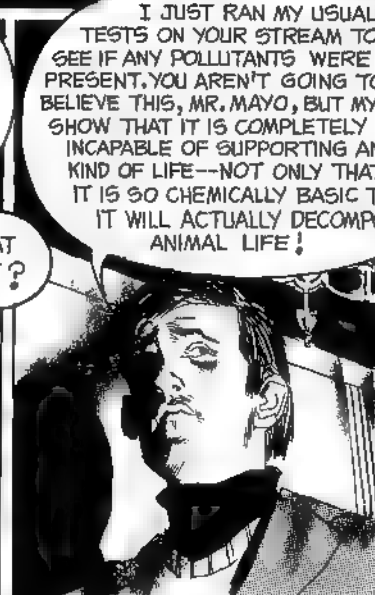


WE ARE TO HAVE NO MORE LOAFING! IF PRODUCTION FALLS BACK THIS WEEK, I'LL FIRE THE WHOLE LOT OF YOU!



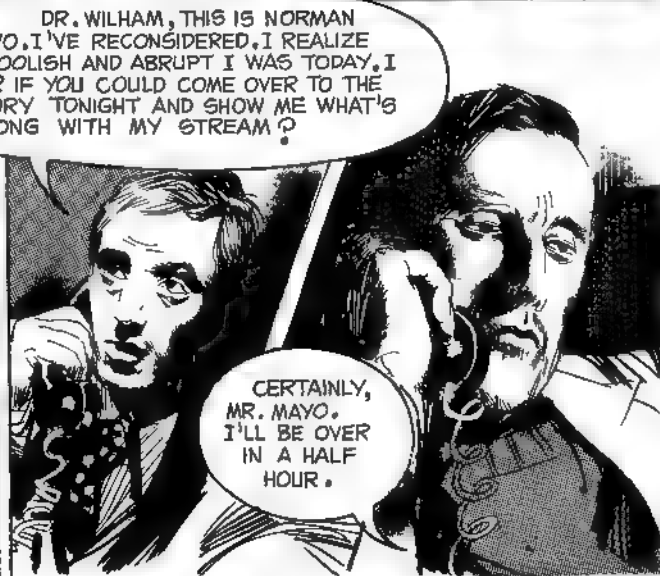
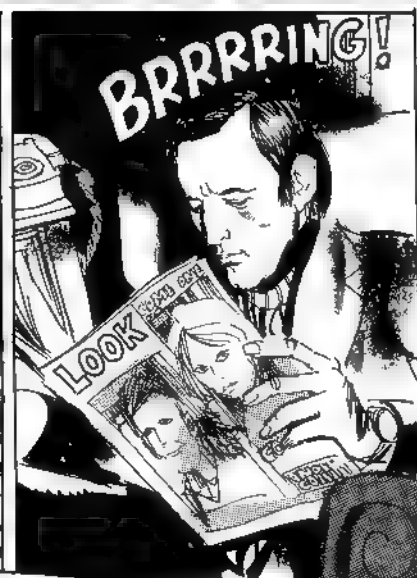








AFTER DR. WILHAM LEFT, NORMAN MAYO BEGAN THINKING. IF IT WAS TRUE ABOUT ALL THAT POLLUTION, THEN THE STATE MIGHT SHUT HIS FACTORY DOWN. HE HAD TO DO SOMETHING...



IT WAS A DARK, MOONLESS NIGHT
AS THE TWO MEN MADE THEIR WAY
FROM THE FACTORY TO THE STREAM.

SO YOU SEE, MR. MAYO, A CONCERNED
EFFORT MUST BE MADE TO SAVE OUR
BIOLOGICAL DIVERSITY, BECAUSE THE
MORE CHECKS WE REMOVE FROM
NATURE THE LESS STABLE
IT BECOMES.

I SEE.

THIS STREAM IS
SEVERELY POLLUTED, DUE
TO THE HIGHLY BASIC WASTES
COMING FROM YOUR FACTORY.
I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I
MEAN.

DR. WILHAM, DIDN'T
YOU SAY THAT THIS
STREAM COULD QUITE
PROBABLY DECOMPOSE
ANIMAL LIFE?

YES,
BUT --

WELL LET'S
CHECK YOUR
THEORY
DR. WILHAM!

NOBODY
STANDS IN
MY WAY!
NOBODY!!

I'LL GET RID
OF THESE GLOVES,
AND THE STREAM
WILL TAKE CARE OF HIS
BODY, BY THE TIME
THEY FIND HIM, THERE
WON'T BE ENOUGH TO
BURY. AND THEY'LL
NEVER BE ABLE TO
PIN IT ON ME. HA HA
HAHAHAHA!!



BUT MAN DOES NOT YET UNDERSTAND ALL THE EFFECTS OF POLLUTION ON LIFE... OR DEATH.

SOMETHING IS HAPPENING IN THAT POLLUTED STREAM... SOMETHING STRANGE AND HORRIBLE.



YOU FEEL IT, DON'T YOU MR. MAYO. A CREEPING, FETID FEAR IS STALKING ITS WAY INTO YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS.



IT'S GETTING CLOSE, ISN'T IT, MR. MAYO? CLOSER AND CLOSER, INEXORABLY MOVING INTO YOUR HEART AND MIND, FILLING YOU WITH STARK DREAD.

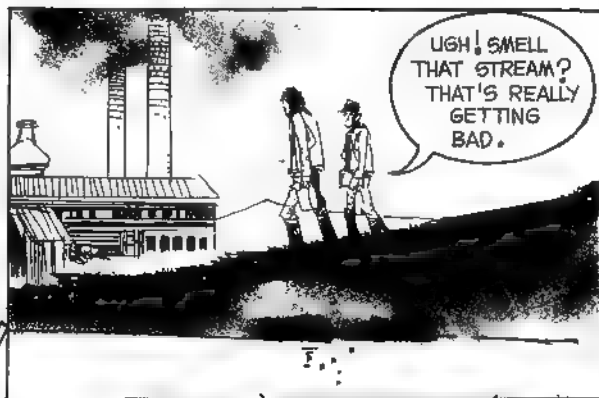


HE'S ALMOST UPON YOU NOW. YOU CAN HEAR IT, SHUFFLING OBSCENELY UP THE CORRIDOR TO THE DOOR... YOUR DOOR, MR. MAYO!





THE NEXT MORNING...

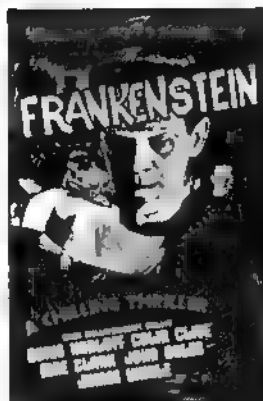


Joel Ben



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NAME
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OH...THE
SIMPLE JOYS THAT
COME FROM WATCHING
A CATERPILLAR
AS IT CRAWLS ON YOUR
SKIN! CUTE LITTLE
CENTIPEDES, AREN'T
THEY?

THE PLACE: A SUPER SECRET GOVERNMENT INSTALLATION
LOCATED TWENTY STORIES BENEATH THE STREETS OF NEW YORK
CITY... THE TIME: TOMORROW. HERE, THE DEPARTMENT OF
CHEMICAL AND BIOLOGICAL DEFENSE WORKS 24 HOURS A DAY,
SEVEN DAYS A WEEK, TO PERFECT THE ULTIMATE IN MODERN
WARFARE... HERE, A TRAGIC MISTAKE OF SCIENCE WILL
CREATE...

THE CATERPILLARS



ABOVE THE SECRET GOVERNMENT
LABORATORIES STANDS THE FAMED
MULTIMILLION DOLLAR EPPLEY BUILDING,
A PERFECT "COVER"...

AT THIS MOMENT, IN A PRIVATE CONFERENCE ROOM, PROFESSOR
KEYS DELIVERS HIS ANNUAL REPORT TO TOP GOVERNMENT
OFFICIALS...



...AND SO YOU
SEE, GENTLEMEN, EVERY
PENNY OF WASHINGTON'S MONEY
IS BEING SPENT WISELY AND WITH
THE MAXIMUM POSITIVE RESULTS...
THAT BRINGS ME TO THE END OF MY
FINANCIAL REPORT FOR
PROJECT X-3...

THANK YOU,
PROFESSOR. NOW WE
WOULD LIKE TO HEAR
ABOUT THE
PROGRESS YOUR
INSTALLATION HAS
BEEN MAKING...





I WILL BEGIN, GENERAL,
BY DISCUSSING A NEW PROJECT
I HAVE JUST BEGUN... THE
DEVELOPMENT OF A NEW FORM
OF INSECT LIFE...
UNNH!! MY HEAD!

MY GOD,
PROFESSOR
KEYS! WHAT'S
WRONG?



HE COLLAPSED!...
CALL A DOCTOR!



IT'S TOO
LATE... PROFESSOR
KEYS IS DEAD!...
I HAVE TO REPORT THIS
TO WASHINGTON
IMMEDIATELY!

SECURITY AGENT GRAFTON PERSONALLY DELIVERS
HIS TOP SECRET MESSAGE TO THE PENTAGON...



PROFESSOR KEYS!
DEATH IS A STRANGE ONE,
SIR... I REQUEST THAT I
BE ALLOWED TO LOOK INTO
THIS MATTER MORE
CLOSELY.

VERY WELL, GRAFTON...
IF YOU INSIST, I HEREBY
GIVE YOU FULL
INVESTIGATIVE AUTHORITY.

THE NEXT DAY...



WELCOME TO
OUR INSTALLATION,
MR. GRAFTON. I GUESS I
DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU
THAT THIS PLACE IS
ONE OF THE MOST
CLOSELY-GUARDED
SECRETS IN THE
WORLD!

I'M AWARE
OF THAT, DR. BARNES...
MY MISSION IS TO FIND
OUT EXACTLY WHAT
YOU'RE DOING HERE. YOU
SEE, PROFESSOR KEYS!
DEATH HAS MADE
WASHINGTON A
LITTLE JUMPY...

PROFESSOR KEYS!
DEATH WAS TRAGIC, I AGREE,
BUT I SEE NO NEED FOR THE
GOVERNMENT TO BLAME US.
WE SCIENTISTS DON'T LIKE
WASHINGTON PUSING ITS
NOSE INTO OUR AFFAIRS.
YOU UNDERSTAND...

NEVERTHELESS,
DOCTOR - LET'S
START BY TAKING A
LOOK AT
PROFESSOR KEYS'
LABORATORY.



THIS IS WHERE THE PROFESSOR WAS WORKING JUST BEFORE HE DIED. HIS JOB HERE WAS TO PERFECT WEAPONS FOR BIOLOGICAL WARFARE. THAT WAS PROFESSOR KEYS' SPECIALTY.

I SEE... THEN THIS SECRET INSTALLATION WORKS WITH BACTERIA AND GERMS CAPABLE OF KILLING!

ACTUALLY, MR. GRAFTON, PROFESSOR KEYS WAS DEVELOPING A NEW TYPE OF PLANT DEFOLIANT--A FORM OF INSECT LIFE THAT WOULD ATTACK A PLANT AND QUICKLY DRAIN IT OF ITS FLUID, THUS KILLING IT. THIS INSECT WAS TO BE USED IN FARMING, TO DESTROY WEEDS AND OTHER PLANT PESTS, ASIDE FROM ITS MILITARY USES...

MEANWHILE, IN THE CITY CEMETERY, STRANGE THINGS ARE HAPPENING AT THE GRAVE OF PROFESSOR KEYS...

"THEN SUDDENLY..."

WELL, THAT'S IT FOR ANOTHER DAY! NOW I CAN GO HOME AND--WHA-?!... WHAT'S THAT??... COMING FROM THE GRAVE... SOUNDS LIKE TINY CLAWS!

HHSSST!

A SHORT TIME LATER, AN ELDERLY COUPLE, DRESSED IN MOURNING, COMES TO THE CEMETERY TO SEEK THE GRAVEDIGGER'S SERVICES...

HERE WE ARE, MARTHA... SEEMS DESERTED...

LET'S GO IN...

GOOD LORD!!

CEMETERY
J. FRAZIER
JOHN DODGE

LATER...

WHAT
HAPPENED HERE??
THAT GRAVEDIGGER
DIED A HORRIBLE
DEATH...

SOMETHING
OBVIOUSLY CAME
OUT OF PROFESSOR
KEYS' GRAVE!
BUT WHAT??

BACK AT THE TOP
SECRET LABORATORY...

I FEEL THE CLUE TO
PROFESSOR KEYS' DEATH IS
IN THIS TEST TUBE...
CONNECTED WITH THE
WORK HE WAS DOING.

DOCTOR BARNES!
COME QUICKLY!
THERE'S BEEN
ANOTHER DEATH--
IN WARD 3!!

WHAT?!!
WE'LL
COME
IMMEDIATELY!

CORRECTION,
DR. BARNES! THERE
IS A REASON... NOTICE
THIS TINY PUNCTURE MARK
ON THE BACK OF HIS NECK...
I WANT AN IMMEDIATE
AUTOPSY PERFORMED
ON THIS MAN!

MY GOD, IT'S
DR. SMITH!... DEAD
FOR NO APPARENT
REASON, JUST LIKE
PROFESSOR
KEYS!

IN A NEARBY GOVERNMENT MORGUE...

WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING NOW,
DOCTOR?

OPENING THIS
MAN'S SKULL... HIS
SUDDEN DEATH MAY
HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY
A CLOT... WAIT A
MINUTE! THERE SEEMS
TO BE SOMETHING
INSIDE THE SKULL,
PRESSING ON THE
BRAIN...

THEN...

GOOD
LORD! WHAT
IS IT??

IT'S
SOME KIND OF
WORM... IT WAS
LIVING INSIDE DR.
SMITH'S SKULL...
FEEDING ON HIS
BRAIN!... I'VE
NEVER SEEN
ANYTHING LIKE
IT!

I WOULD SAY THAT
IT'S SOME UNKNOWN FORM OF
INSECT LIFE. IT MUST HAVE
ENTERED DR. SMITH'S SKULL AS A
MICROSCOPIC SPORE, BORING A
TINY HOLE... THEN IT GREW INTO
THIS GHASTLY THING BY FEEDING
ON HIS LIVING BRAIN!

WHY... IT'S
TOO HORRIBLE
FOR WORDS!

I'LL TAKE
IT BACK TO
WASHINGTON
FOR FURTHER
STUDY...

A FEW HOURS LATER...

...SO YOU SEE, SIR--I THINK THE RESEARCH AT THE NEW YORK INSTALLATION HAS GOTTEN OUT OF HAND, AN INSECT DEVELOPED BY PROFESSOR KEYS TO ATTACK AND DESTROY CERTAIN FORMS OF PLANT LIFE IS ATTACKING HUMAN BEINGS INSTEAD! THIS GROTESQUE WOMAN IS THE RESULT... FEEDING ON MEN'S BRAINS...

THIS IS INCREDIBLE! YOU MOST CERTAINLY HAVE MY PERMISSION TO CLOSE DOWN THE NEW YORK INSTALLATION! THEIR RESEARCH MUST BE STOPPED BEFORE THIS THING GETS COMPLETELY OUT OF HAND! I WANT YOU TO RETURN THERE IMMEDIATELY!

GOOD HEAVENS!!

THEY'RE ALL DEAD!!

EACH ONE HAS THAT STRANGE PUNCTURE ON THE BACK OF THE NECK... AND THESE COBWEBS...

THE PARASITES!! THE LABORATORY!... WE'LL HAVE TO BURN THE LABORATORY! IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE!

I'VE BEEN AUTHORIZED TO SEE THAT YOUR INSTALLATION IS CLOSED DOWN, DR. BARNES. PROFESSOR KEYS' RESEARCH WITH INSECT PARASITES HAS BECOME TOO DANGEROUS...

BUT SURELY YOU CAN'T BLAME THE DEATHS OF DR. SMITH AND PROFESSOR KEYS ON OUR WORK HERE! THAT WORM... IT COULD HAVE BEEN JUST A FREAK OF NATURE. IT WOULD BE STUPID TO STOP OUR EXPERIMENTS NOW! COME WITH ME TO OUR LABORATORY, I'LL SHOW YOU THE PROGRESS WE'RE MAKING!

THIS IS OUR MAJOR LABORATORY, MR. GRAFTON... THIS IS WHERE-- WHA-?!

COBWEBS!!

THEN SUDDENLY...

AAAAAH!!

LOOK OUT,
BARNES!!

YOU WERE
RIGHT, GRAFTON...
SOMEHOW, PROFESSOR
KEYS' EXPERIMENTS
CREATED THESE
MONSTERS!

WE MAY
STILL HAVE TIME
TO DESTROY
THE PARASITES IF
WE CAN BURN THIS
LABORATORY AND
EVERYTHING IN IT!
... HURRY!

SOON, ALL THOSE
POOR DEVILS IN THERE
WILL HATCH MORE
MONSTROSITIES! WE'LL
HAVE TO DESTROY THE
ENTIRE INSTALLATION!

QUICK! LOCK
THE THINGS
IN!

CRACK!
CRACK!!

HSSSSST!!

THIS BUTTON
SHOULD RELEASE A
DEADLY GAS THROUGHOUT
THE ENTIRE RESEARCH
CENTER. WE CAN
ESCAPE IN THE
ELEVATOR...

HSSSSSSS...
HSSST!
...HSSST!
SKREEEE!!

THIS ELEVATOR
IS GAS-PROOF...WE'LL
SOON BE AT STREET LEVEL...
BUT HOW CAN WE EXPLAIN
THIS TO WASHINGTON??
THEY'LL THINK WE'RE
MAD!

I DON'T
KNOW, DOCTOR...
MAYBE THERE
ARE SOME
QUESTIONS THAT
HAVE NO ANSWERS.
HOW DO THE
MONSTERS HATCH?
AND -

OOOF

BZZZZT!

DR. BARNES!
WHAT'S
WRONG?!

I DON'T
KNOW...FEEL FAINT...
BODY GIVING
OUT... SO
TIRED...

UNNH!

...HE'S
DEAD! THAT
PUNCTURE ON
HIS NECK...
HE'S ONE OF
THEM!!

THEN SUDDENLY, BEFORE GRAFTON'S
AMAZED EYES...

DR. BARNES'
BODY...IT'S BECOMING
CRACKED AND BRITTLE...
LIKE A DRIED *HUSK*!...
SOMETHING IS TRYING
TO BREAK ITS WAY
OUT!!

CRRRRRACK!...
POP!...
CRACKLE!

HHSSSSST!...
PUT DOWN
THAT WEAPON,
GRAFTON!

WHA-?!
YOU CAN TALK!!...
WHO ARE YOU??
WHERE DO YOU
COME FROM??

I AM ONE OF
MANY...CREATED BY PROFESSOR
KEYS!... AN ACCIDENT HE
DID NOT INTEND...WE GROW
IN MEN'S SKULLS...DEVOUR
THEIR BRAINS...ABSORB THEIR
INTELLECTS...CONTROL THEIR
BODIES! THEN WE HATCH!...
SOON WE WILL BE
EVERYWHERE!

-THEN
IT'S UP TO ME
TO STOP
YOU !!

*SKREEEE-
AAAAHH!!*

*CRACK!
CRACK!
CRACK!*

GRAFTON SOON REACHES THE STREET LEVEL AND FINDS...

MY GOD!...
THEY'RE
EVERYWHERE!!

MUST ESCAPE...
GET BACK TO WASHINGTON
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

CRACK!

SKREEEE!!

... AND SO THAT'S
MY REPORT, SIR. NEW YORK HAS
ALREADY BEEN INFESTED BY
THOSE GHASTLY MONSTER-WORMS!
WE MUST **DESTROY** THEM
BEFORE THEY TAKE OVER THE
NATION-AND THEN THE
WORLD!

YOU SURPRISE
ME, GRAFTON... I'M
SURPRISED NOT BY YOUR
REPORT, BUT BY THE FACT THAT
YOU ESCAPED WITH YOUR
LIFE!... YOU SEE, I DIDN'T
PLAN IT THAT WAY!


WHAT DO
YOU MEAN,
SIR??

JUST THAT YOU WERE
BECOMING TOO MEDDLESOME
ABOUT PROFESSOR KEYS' DEATH....
SENT YOU TO THE INSTALLATION HOPING
MY COMRADES WOULD ELIMINATE YOU
BEFORE YOU FOUND OUT WHAT WE
WERE DOING THERE... IT WAS A
BREEDING GROUND--A BREEDING
GROUND FOR THE FORM OF LIFE
THAT HAS TAKEN OVER MY BODY,
AND THE BODIES OF OTHERS
HERE IN THE GOVERNMENT!

AND NOW SINCE
YOU ARE NOT ONE OF US,
I MUST ELIMINATE
YOU MYSELF!

NO!!
AAAAAAAGHHH!!

THE
WORM
TURNED. PITY
GRAFTON GOT
CAUGHT IN THE
BACK LASH. BET
HE'S GOT
BUTTERFLIES IN
HIS STOMACH
NOW!



CAPTAIN, WE HAVE A
BOGEY. REFINED METALLIC
OF STARSHIP MASS, BUT
NO POWER EMISSION.
FIFTY KILOMETERS
AND CLOSING...



VERY WELL,
CLASS ONE.
SOUND
THE YELLOW
ALERT AND
INSTITUTE
SENSOR
SWEEPING.


UNLESS
THERE IS
SOMETHING AMISS
WE WILL
INVESTIGATE.

...A WANDERING
INTER-STELLAR SPACE
SHIP TRAVELS THE
WINDING CORRIDORS
OF INFINITY...ALONE
UNTIL THE SIGHTING
OF A DERELICT SHIP!



BUT, SIR,
OUR
MISSION.

... WILL MOST
DEFINITELY WAIT
FOR US, SON.
ORDER LANDING
PARTY ALPHA TO
THE AIRLOCK...



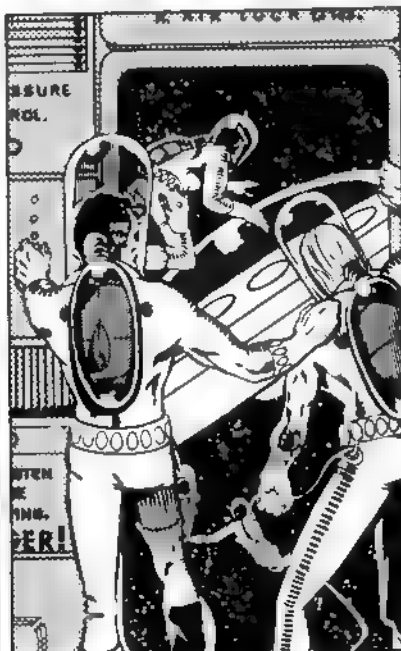
"WE ARE ABOUT TO BOARD THAT SHIP"



IT IS INDEED A RARE OCCASION THIS, TO STUMBLE UPON A STARCRAFT, A DRIFTING, DESERTED SHELL IN ALL THE INFINITY OF THIS IMMENSE UNIVERSE.



TOO RARE IN FACT FOR JOSHUA QUARRY TO IGNORE. LONG CRAMPED MONTHS ABOARD THE ALBATROSS HAD FRUSTRATED HIM NO END.



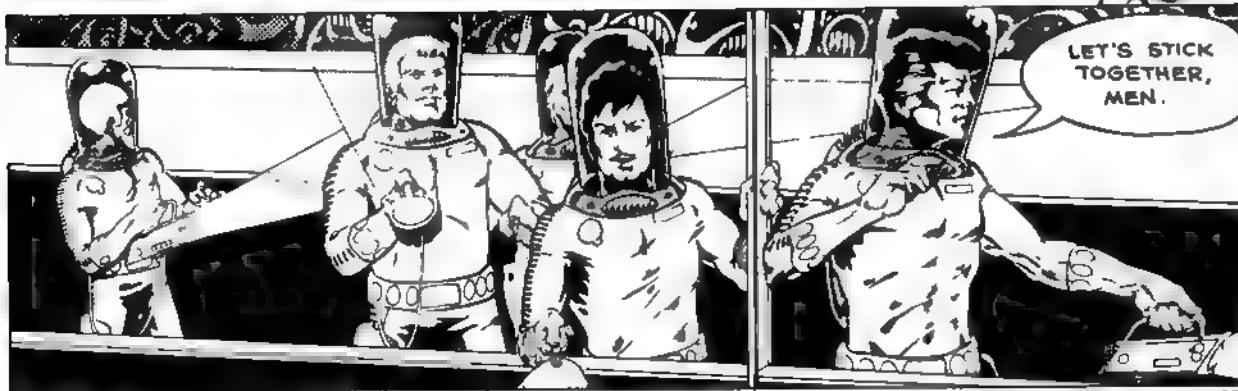
BROTHER, LOOK AT THAT MESS. MUST'VE BEEN SOME BOMB.



LOOK AT THIS, BILLY. NO RADIATION AT ALL, NOT ONE ROENTGEN OVER THE BACKGROUND. IT'S EERIE.

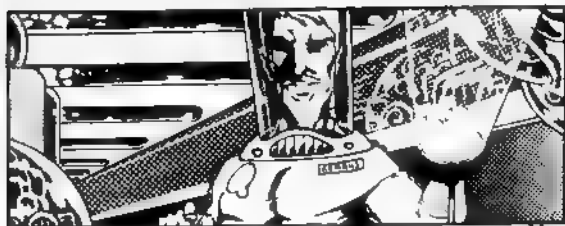
IMPOSSIBLE IS THE CORRECT WORD, GRAMPS. NOTHING WE HAVE CAN MAKE A HOLE LIKE THIS IN SIX INCH NERO-LINIUM. IT'S AS COLD AS A GRAVESTONE.

UNLESS, OF COURSE YOU WANT TO COUNT THE SUPERNATURAL.



LET'S STICK TOGETHER, MEN.

NO USE IN...



OKAY, LET'S SPLIT.
REED AND I'LL
GO THIS WAY...
DIONIS, YOU AND.
HEY... WHAT
HAPPENED TO
GRAMPS?

ANYBODY GETTING...



I DON'T
KNOW, SIR
HE WAS
JUST HERE

SILENCE,
CLASS ONE
KINDLY CEASE YOUR
EXCUSES AND
CONCENTRATE ON
THE PROBLEM
AT HAND.

...NO WORDS WERE EXCHANGED, FOR THERE ARE NONE
TO FILL A SORROWFUL WOUND OR BRING BACK
THE DEPARTED.

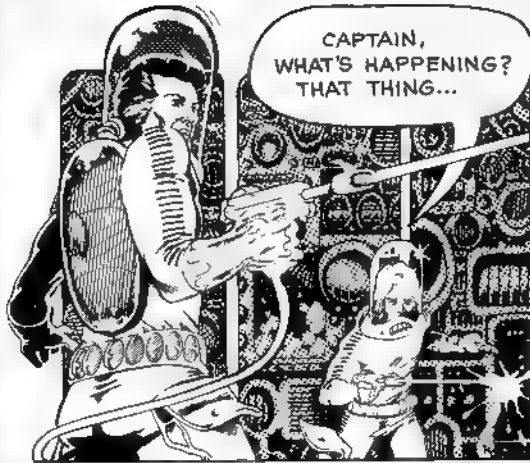


GRIZZLY.
ISN'T IT?

GRIZZLY?
IS THAT ALL
YOU CAN
SAY, YOU...



ENOUGH,
CLASS ONE
...WHA ...



CAPTAIN,
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
THAT THING...



BUT, AGAIN
THEY
WERE
TOO LATE.

DEATH SMILED
SERENELY.



CREW ASSEMBLE!
LET'S GET
OUT OF HERE!



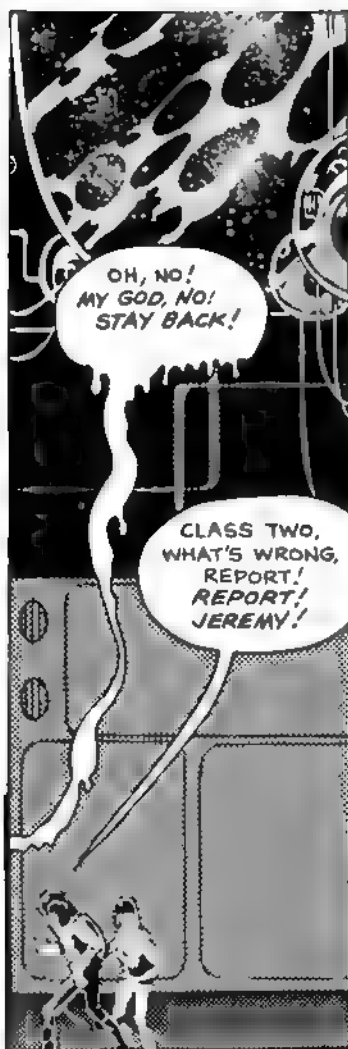
JUST A SEC,
SIR...
I HAVE TO...

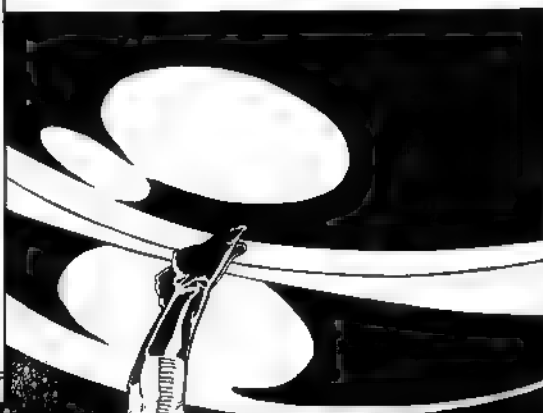
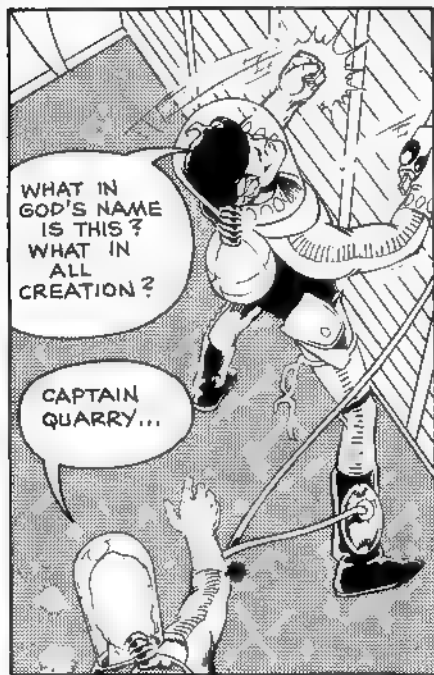


...GET HIS

I.D.

THERE!







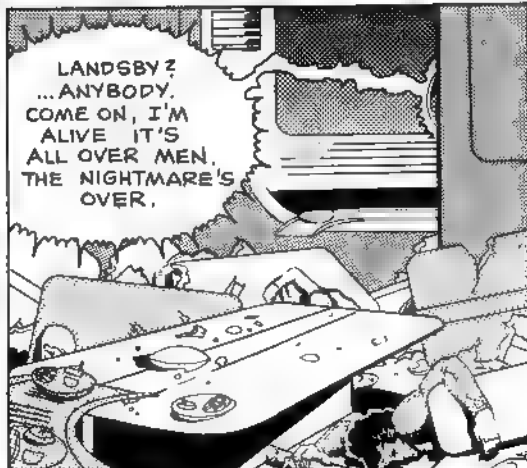
MADE IT SAFE.
I'M BACK... SAFE.
BUT... DESERTED...
WHERE ARE THEY?
CREW, REPORT.



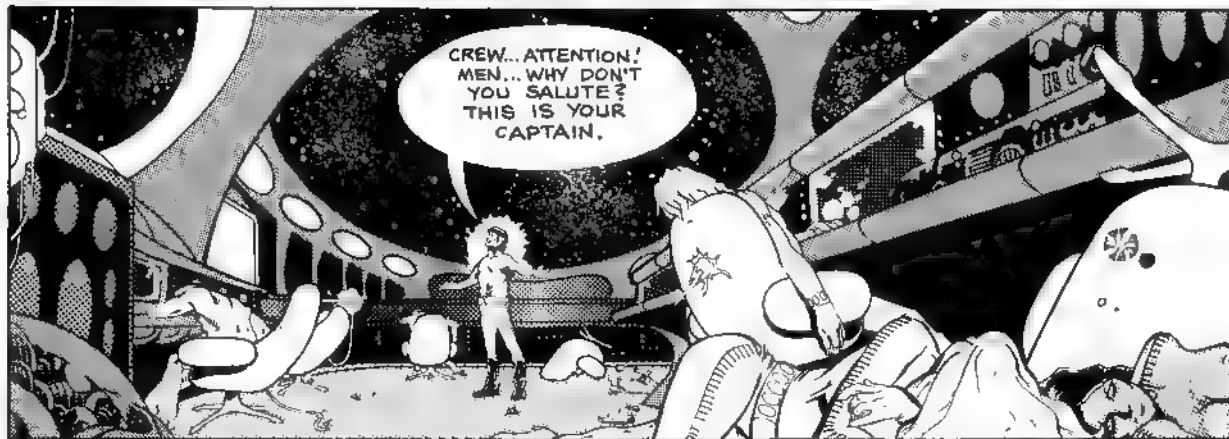
LOGAN,
WHERE ARE YOU?
I GOT AWAY...
LOGAN..



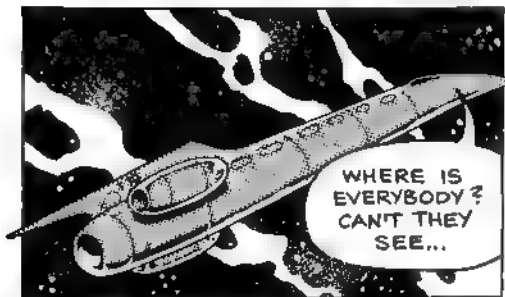
SPINELLI...
ANSWER,
... PLEASE,
NICK, I'M
BACK, SAFE!



LANDSBY?
... ANYBODY.
COME ON, I'M
ALIVE IT'S
ALL OVER MEN.
THE NIGHTMARE'S
OVER.



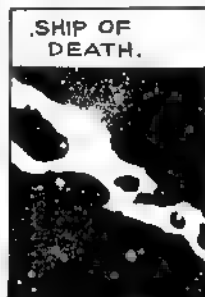
CREW... ATTENTION!
MEN... WHY DON'T
YOU SALUTE?
THIS IS YOUR
CAPTAIN.



WHERE IS
EVERYBODY?
CAN'T THEY
SEE...



... I'VE
JUST
ESCAPED
FROM A...



SHIP OF
DEATH.

PRETTY SPACED-
OUT ENDING, HUNH?



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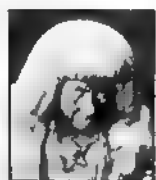
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"THE SAFEST WAY!"

GENERAL CLINTON J. SIMMONS, COMMANDER OF INTER-STATE INTELLIGENCE, WAS A HEAVY MAN; HIS STOMACH BULGED OUT OVER HIS REGULATION GREEN LEATHER BELT. WHENEVER HE PACED THE FLOOR, THE WALLS OF HIS SPACIOUS OFFICE SHOOK. THE STERN PICTURE OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, WHICH WAS TACKED RATHER LOOSELY TO THE NORTHWEST WALL, SWUNG OUT A BIT WHENEVER HE WALKED TOWARD IT, THEN FELL BACK INTO PLACE WITH A SLIGHT CLICK, AS HE TURNED AWAY. HE HAD BEEN PACING FOR FORTY-FIVE MINUTES NOW, EVER SINCE THE REPORT HAD ARRIVED... THE TORTURED WHEEZE, BORN OF SMOKING -- AND INHALING -- BAD CIGARS, BEGINNING LOW IN HIS LUNGS AND WHISTLING OUT THROUGH HIS ROTTING, BROWN TEETH.



FEELING PARANOID... MISUNDERSTOOD ... UNAPPRECIATED? PITY POOR DOUGLAS HINDLEY TRYING TO TALK SENSE TO A WORLD GONE SENSELESS.



ELSEWHERE, DOUG HINDLEY PICKED HIS WAY THROUGH THE RUBBLE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF DETROIT...

AND... TO *SOME* EXTENT ANYWAY... THEY SEEM TO BE *RELATING* TO ME!

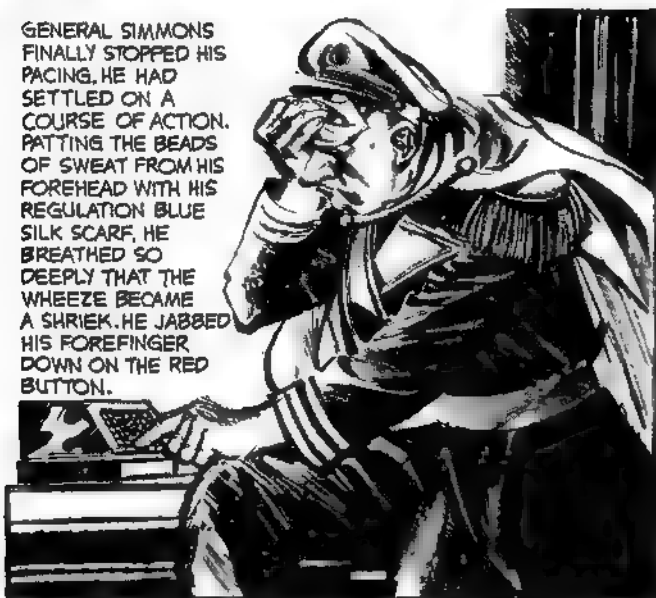
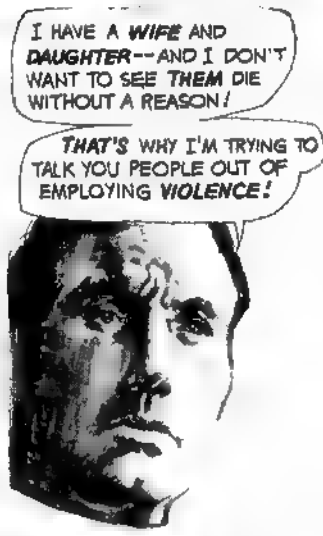
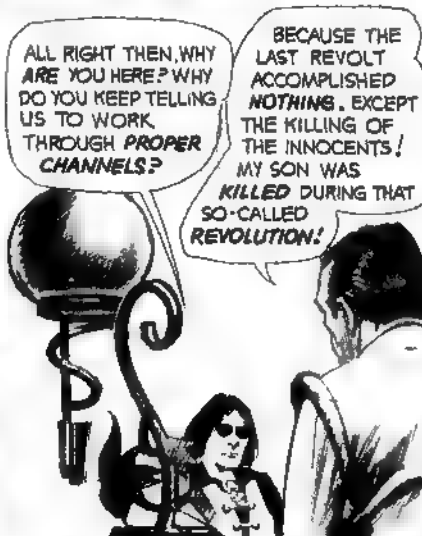
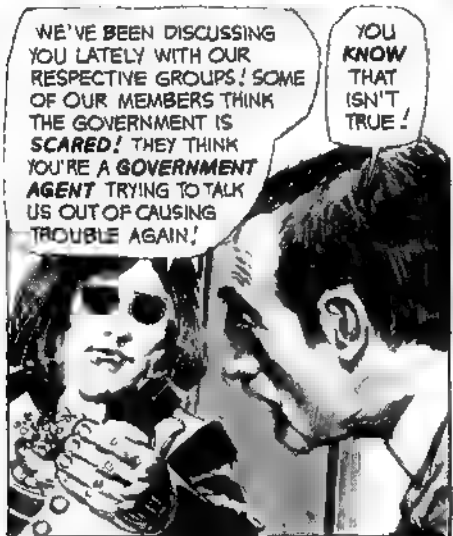
I DON'T KNOW IF I'M DOING THE *RIGHT* THING, TRYING TO TALK *SENSE* INTO THESE KIDS!

BUT *SOMEBODY'S* GOT TO DO IT!



AFTER ALL, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ABLE TO GET ALONG WELL WITH KIDS! AND I DO AGREE WITH *MANY* OF THEIR LESS RADICAL IDEAS!





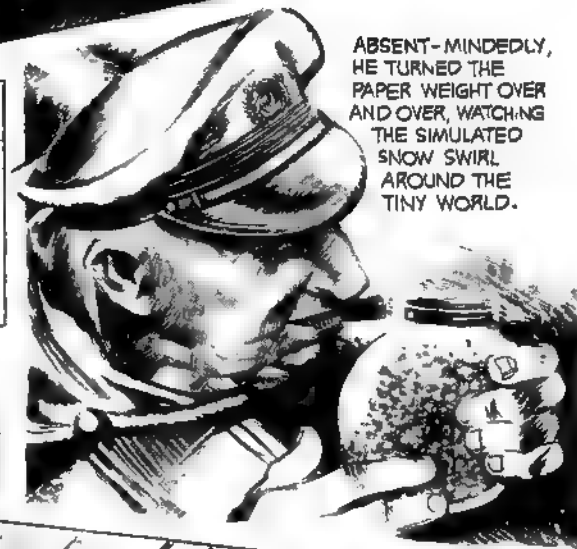
HE TOOK HIS FINGER OFF THE BUTTON. ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, THE HUMMING STARTED; THE ROOM SHOOK MORE VIOLENTLY THAN IT HAD FROM HIS PACING.



THE PICTURE OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF TIPPED TO ONE SIDE, MAKING HIM LOOK LIKE A DOG -- HEAD COCKED IN THE USUAL EXPRESSION OF CANINE PUZZLEMENT.



GENERAL SIMMONS GRABBED THE SNOW-SCENE PAPER WEIGHT DANGEROUSLY VIBRATING ACROSS HIS DESK.



ABSENT-MINDEDLY, HE TURNED THE PAPER WEIGHT OVER AND OVER, WATCHING THE SIMULATED SNOW SWIRL AROUND THE TINY WORLD.



THE HUMMING STOPPED SOONER THAN HE EXPECTED. HE HEARD THE COMPUTER IN THE NEXT ROOM SPITTING OUT FACTS AND MOPPED HIS BROW AGAIN! SIMMONS SET THE PAPER WEIGHT DOWN ON THE DESK AND PLOPPED ON HIS SWIVELCHAIR.

YOU'VE GOT TO GO THROUGH THE PROPER CHANNELS! CHANGE THE GOVERNMENT FROM **WITHIN** -- NOT FROM **WITHOUT**!

OKAY! OKAY!
YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT TEN TIMES OVER!



NEXT WEEK, WE'LL LET YOU SPEAK TO THE **FULL COUNCIL**! I DOUBT THAT IT'LL ACCOMPLISH ANYTHING. BUT, AT LEAST, YOU'LL BE ABLE SPEAK TO THEM YOURSELF!



AND NOW IF YOU DON'T MIND **LEAVING**, WE HAVE A FEW THINGS WE'D LIKE TO DISCUSS **AMONG OURSELVES** -- **IN PRIVATE**!

SURE...

...AND **THANK YOU!**



THE GENERAL'S SECRETARY STEPPED IN, THUMBING THROUGH THE REPORT ON HINDLEY. SHE WAS SOME TWENTY YEARS YOUNGER THAN SIMMONS, WITH A GOOD BODY. SHE HAD BEEN TRANSFERRED FROM THE PROGRAMMER POOL TO TAKE THE PLACE OF OLD MRS. MULLENS, WHO HAD BEEN FORCED TO RETIRE. HE HAD ONCE THOUGHT OF HER ALONG PASSIONATE LINES, HAD EVEN THOUGHT OF GOING ON A DIET IN HOPES OF ACCOMMODATING HIS THOUGHTS. BUT HE WAS TOO OLD, TOO FAR GONE FOR THAT. IT WOULD HAVE TAKEN OVER A YEAR FOR A DIET TO MAKE ANY SORT OF PERCEPTIBLE DENT.

ISN'T MUCH OF A FILE. ONLY THIRTY-SIX PAGES. HE SEEMS QUITE STABLE. SMALL FAMILY. WORKS FOR THE DETROIT BRANCH OF OLDFOK.



WHAT ABOUT HIS
POTENTIAL?

WELL... YES. IT IS QUITE
HIGH! EXTREMELY HIGH,
AS A MATTER OF FACT, BUT
SUFFICIENTLY
CHECKED!

YES, YES.
OF COURSE.

HIS SCARF FLEW TO
HIS FOREHEAD.

STILL, I DON'T
**LIKE IT! DON'T
LIKE IT AT ALL!**

HE TURNED TO HIS DESK AND
LOOKED AT THE REPORT. HINDLEY'S
LIFE LAY BEFORE HIM. FOR THE PAST
FEW DAYS, THE OUT-GROUPS -- THE
SCOUNDRELS, THE BELIEVERS, THE
RIFFRAFF AND ALL THE OTHER
WEIRDO GROUPS -- HAD MURMURED
ABOUT DOUGLAS HINDLEY, THE
STRAIGHT WHO HAD TRIED TO
COMPROMISE WITH THE OUT-
GROUPS, BRING THEM AROUND.

... BUT HE STILL
REMEMBERED AN INCIDENT
FIVE YEARS PAST...

GENERAL SIMONS KNEW
HOW DANGEROUS THE
OUT-GROUPS COULD BE.
AND WHAT THE MURMURING **COULD**
MEAN. SOMETIMES
THEY MEANT
NOTHING....

GENERAL, WE'VE JUST
RECIEVED WORD THAT THE
OUT-GROUPS
ARE TALKING
ABOUT SOMEONE
NAMED **GROVER
SAVIN!**

SO?

WELL... DON'T YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO HAVE THIS SAVIN CHARACTER INVESTIGATED!??

NAW! THOSE OUT-GROUPS ARE ALWAYS MURMURING ABOUT **SOMEBODY!** IT DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING!

FORGET ABOUT IT! IT'D JUST BE ANOTHER WASTE OF TIME!

BUT THREE MONTHS LATER, THERE WAS A MAJOR REVOLUTION... LED BY ONE **GROVER SAVIN...**



AND, ONCE THE REVOLUTION HAD BEEN PUT DOWN, THE GENERAL WAS CALLED IN TO SEE THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF...

I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU **KNEW** ABOUT SAVIN MONTHS BEFORE THE REVOLT! YOU COULD HAVE **HIPPED** THIS WHOLE THING IN THE BUD!

WHY DIDN'T YOU?

WELL, SIR, I--

NO! DON'T BOTHER WITH EXCUSES!

JUST LET ME SAY **ONE** THING -- IF THIS SORT OF THING HAPPENS **AGAIN**, I **FORCE** YOU INTO RETIREMENT!

DO I MAKE MYSELF **CLEAR?**

BUT... BUT, SIR....



THE SERVICE WAS GENERAL SIMMONS' WHOLE LIFE. WITHOUT IT HE'D BE NOTHING.



HE HAD STARTED PACING AGAIN. THEN, REMEMBERING THAT HIS SECRETARY WAS STILL THERE, HE TRIED TO HIDE HIS INDECISION WITH A QUICK COMMAND, A SNAP DECISION, YET HE KNEW THAT IT WAS THE ONLY DECISION TO BE MADE!

I WANT THIS HINDLEY CHARACTER **ELIMINATED** --IMMEDIATELY!

AND I WANT IT MADE TO LOOK LIKE AN **ACCIDENT!** TYPE UP AN ORDER TO THAT EFFECT!

B-BUT, SIR...



THAT WAY SOMETHING MIGHT GO **WRONG!** AND I CAN'T TAKE THAT **CHANCE!**

DON'T **QUESTION** MY ORDERS, JUST **DO AS I SAY!**

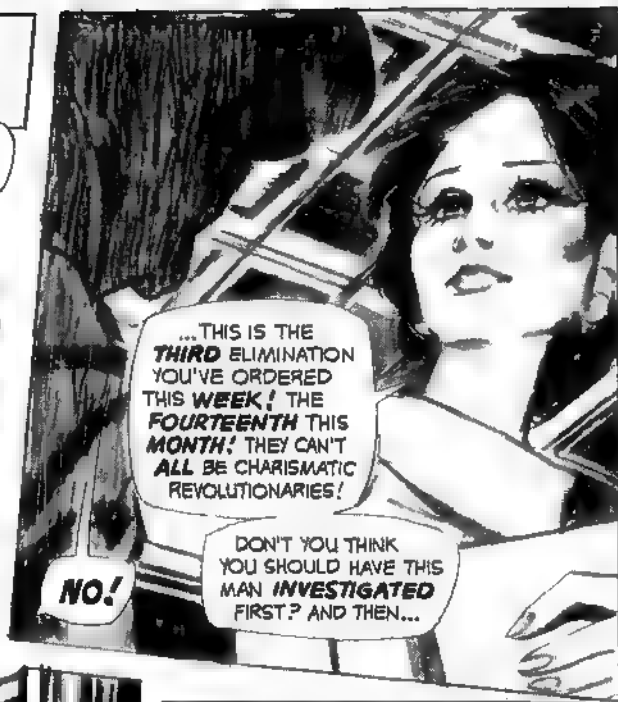
Y-YES, SIR!



...THIS IS THE **THIRD** ELIMINATION YOU'VE ORDERED THIS **WEEK!** THE **FOURTEENTH** THIS **MONTH!** THEY CAN'T ALL BE CHARISMATIC REVOLUTIONARIES!

DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD HAVE THIS MAN **INVESTIGATED** FIRST? AND THEN...

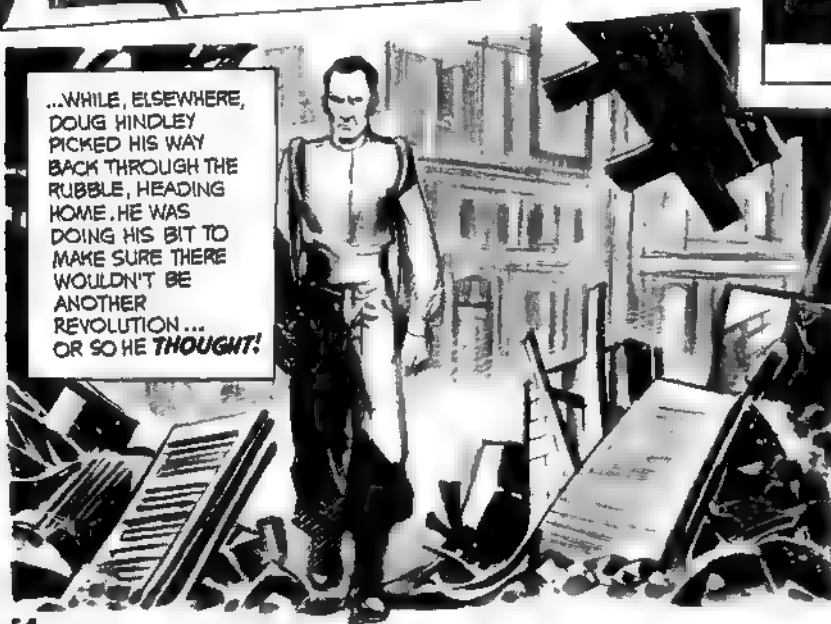
NO!



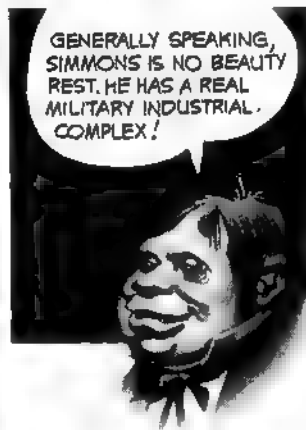
SHE LEFT AND THE GENERAL FELL BACK IN HIS CHAIR. HE WONDERED IF HE HAD MADE THE RIGHT DECISION, THOUGH HE KNEW THAT UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES THIS WAS THE SAFEST DECISION.



...WHILE, ELSEWHERE, DOUG HINDLEY PICKED HIS WAY BACK THROUGH THE RUBBLE, HEADING HOME. HE WAS DOING HIS BIT TO MAKE SURE THERE WOULDN'T BE ANOTHER REVOLUTION... OR SO HE **THOUGHT!**



GENERALLY SPEAKING, SIMMONS IS NO BEAUTY REST. HE HAS A REAL MILITARY INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX!

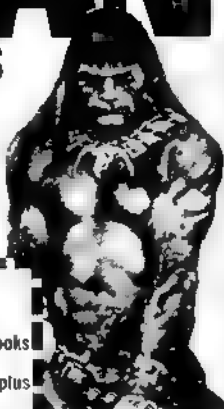


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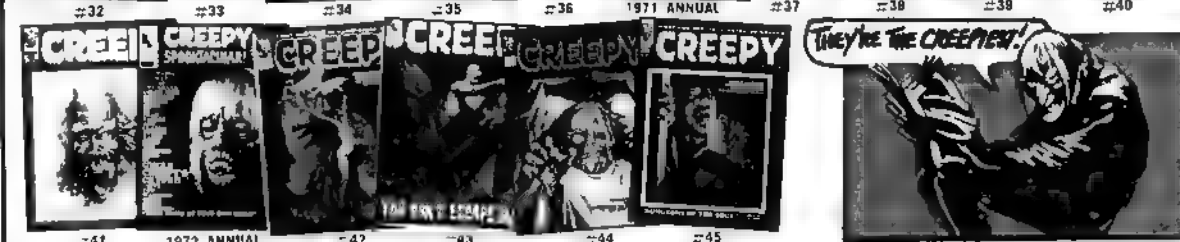
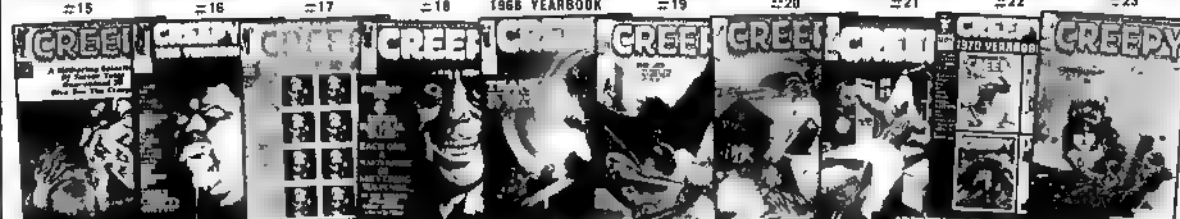
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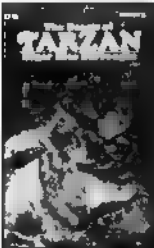
The birth, boyhood and thrilling growth of Tarzan, raised in the heart of the jungle by a tribe of great apes.

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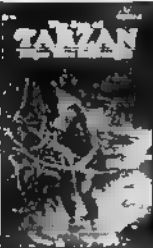
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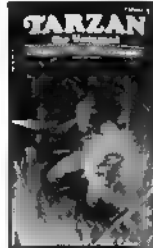
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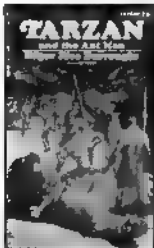
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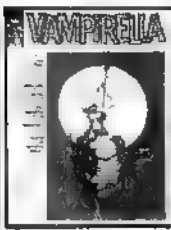
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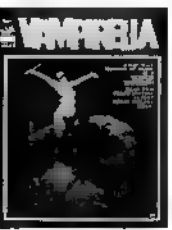
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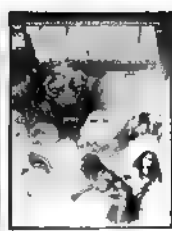
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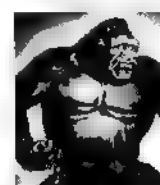
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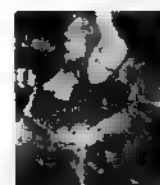
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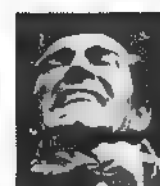
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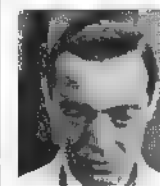
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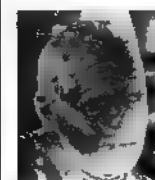
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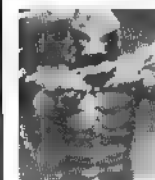
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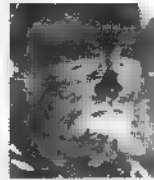
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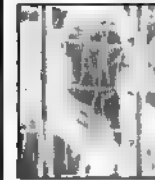
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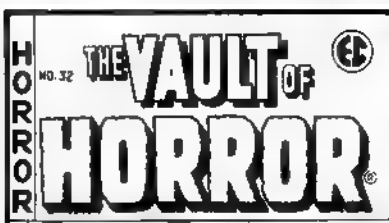
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- ☐ BARNABAS COLLINS AND THE GYPSY WITCH
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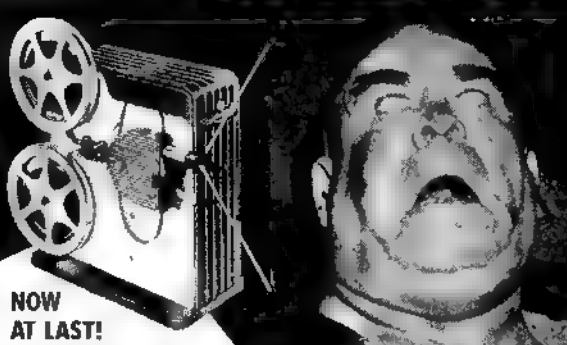
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EERIE FANFARE

ARTIST PROFILE: TOM SUTTON



Artist Tom Sutton whose work on "West Coast Turn-around" appears this issue, p. 14.

I come from Western Massachusetts, a mill town called North Adams which is situated in a valley with a huge grey cloud permanently overhead. I remember very little about my early days except that it rained a lot and was always very dark and things went bump in the night. I was happy there except for the sunny days that depressed me terribly.

I was a dismal student in a dismal school but I kept going and being bored and terribly unhappy because I was sure that if I didn't, J. Edgar Hoover would beat me up. I remember tormenting my long suffering art teacher with miserable copies of Waldo Wood panels done up with crayolas on glossy oaktag.



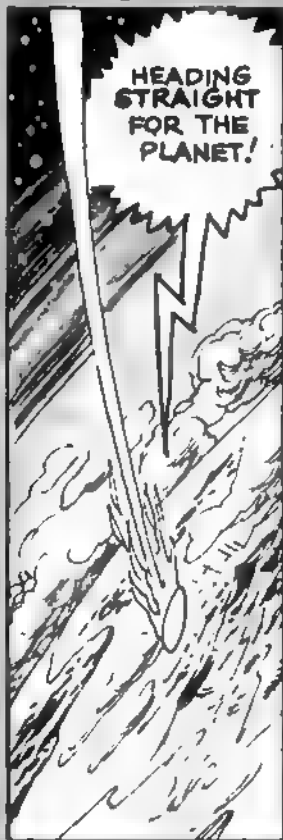
Futuristic scenes are from "Behold... The Cybernite!" in the current Creepy, #46, illustrated by Tom Sutton.



Somehow I blundered into the Air Force and wound up, after an incredibly morbid series of misadventures, at Pacific "Stars and Stripes" in Tokyo. My last nine months were occupied doing a daily comic strip that finally got me shipped home four months earlier than my contract stipulated.

I went to the School of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, made millions of drawings, painted hundreds of pictures and consumed oceans of soda. Of course, during this cultural period, I refused to look at a comic book.

A couple of years followed spaced out with jobs as paste-up man, animator, and art director. Then one dark and dreary morning after a three day fast, I found a copy of Creepy stuck to the wall and exclaimed, "Gee whiz, I'll bet the guys who do this stuff eat regular and have big cars and lead exciting lives!"



THE PET SHOP

It was a sudden shower that brought Ralph Cummings in from the rain and introduced him to Arnold's Pet Shop. A small bell hooked just above the door clattered as Ralph Cummings let himself into the store, dripping wet.

"Can I help you, sir?" Arnold, the owner, inquired.

Ralph swung around and stood face to face with a little old man whose beard sank close to his waist.

"Ah, I see you're interested in our piranha," the old man said. Ralph realized that there was a tank full of the man-eating fish in front of him. "Believe me, a dozen of those would have no trouble devouring a human body. I can let you have a whole tank full for only..."

"Oh, no thank you. I'm just browsing," Ralph said. The old man stood silent a second and then continued, absentmindedly.

"Perhaps, I can interest you in some Boa Constrictors and I believe, we have some rattlers left. Er...no, we're out of rattlers, come to think of it. A man came in yesterday and bought the last dozen of them."

"I'm just looking really," Ralph reminded him. "This is

a strange place you have here, Mister..."

"Arnold Jacobs," the pet store owner replied. "Would you be interested in seeing a blue-tailed, black-spotted African Myna?" He hustled Ralph to a huge bird cage. A long blue-beaked bird gazed at them. "Once out of its cage, it can peck your eyes out in seconds."

"I don't think so," Ralph said, sweating under his rain coat. As he was about to leave, he heard a loud growl from below. "What was that?"

"Oh, that was just Leroy. It must be feeding time. Would you like to have a look at Leroy? He might be just what you're looking for. Leroy's a genuine full fledged medieval dragon."

"You're kidding," Ralph said, shivering.

"Sorry, but I'm not. Just take a gander through that door. If you're interested, you can have him cheap. I'll join you in a minute. I have to get Leroy some food."

Ralph disappeared while the old man went to the freezer. There was a blood-curdling scream and Arnold shuddered.

"Oh, no. Leroy must have thought he had live food. Oh dear!"

By Mark Curtis

WHAT'S FOR SUPPER?

On the night of November 12th, 1971, I was surprised to find a letter from one of my old college friends. Upon opening it, I found that I was invited to supper in celebration of my friend's return from deep Africa. Against my better judgement, I accepted.

When I arrived, I was informed that supper would be a bit late so my friend and I visited for a while.

"Why the trip to Africa?" I asked him, first to break the ice. He replied quickly.

"As you know," he said, "I am very interested in the different kinds of food there are. Africa afforded me the most interesting foods in the world." By his general appearance, I could tell that he had come to regard food as the most important part of his life. His stomach was enormous. The second he finished speaking a servant walked in to announce that supper was served.

It was then that I noticed that this was not the same servant as in years past and I asked him why.

"My former servant had to leave suddenly because of a death in the family," he replied, his mind feasting on the sumptuous dinner which awaited us.

The dinner was excellent. I hardly knew where to begin first because it all looked so delicious. One dish stood out though from all the others and I asked him to identify it because it struck me as having an odd, almost neutral taste.

"Before I tell you what it is," he answered, tapping a cloth napkin to his mouth, "I think I should tell you something about the tribe I stayed with while in Africa. A most extraordinary group! They were the first to introduce me to the infinite pleasures of cannibalism." I stared at my host, horrified.

By Jay Richter

TO SAVE A WITCH

Living in an old house out in the country and having a job in the city wasn't very easy for me, but my wife, Maggie, insisted that I buy the house after the wedding which was a month ago. So here we are, and we still don't know all our new neighbors.

I remember one incident a few weeks ago that disturbed me. After getting home from work, I was resting on the sofa when we heard a knocking at our door. I answered it to find an elderly woman waiting at the doorstep.

"Is your wife here?" she asked. "I would like to speak to her."

"Uhhh... Yes," I answered, "of course. Excuse me a second. Maggie! Maggie, there's a lady here who would like to see you."

"All right, dear," Maggie shouted from the kitchen. That was the last I saw of her. It was almost as if she had been expecting company. The two of them stood outside to talk. After what seemed like a long time, Maggie returned. She had an odd, far-away look to her eyes as if her mind was elsewhere.

"Are you all right?" I asked. "Who was she and what did she want?"

"Too many questions," Maggie answered. "First of all, I'm fine. Second, her name is Hilda and she's our neighbor. Sorry but we just got carried away talking."

I didn't feel it was necessary to pursue the matter any longer but since then, Maggie spent more and more time with Hilda. Her excuse was that they exchanged women's talk. She told me that Hilda was an unusual woman who knew a great deal about a variety of things I don't know why exactly but I began to worry about Maggie. I took to studying witchcraft for no rhyme or reason, just a sudden fear that Hilda was a modern-day witch. The fear grew. I became obsessed as I saw less and less of my dear Maggie. I learned what I could of witchcraft and the more I learned, the more I believed Hilda to be a witch. I vowed to destroy her before she destroyed Maggie.

I found out where Hilda lived and drove there, knowing that Maggie was with her. For a while, I stood at the window, peering in as best I could. Hilda was standing over a fire, shouting some sort of mumbo jumbo and Maggie was in a trance. I broke in through the door and threw some roses I had gathered in Hilda's face, knowing the spell they cast over witches. She hissed and backed off, her face seeming to crack apart. I hesitated no longer and set fire to her. That's how it all happened but no one believes me. I live out my days in a padded cell, tied by a straitjacket. This morning, I heard the doctors talking of my case. They keep saying it was my wife I burned alive, not Hilda but I know they are wrong. They must be wrong. I know.

By Mary Eveland



Elf-like sprite is the creation of "Dax" artist Esteban Maroto, also author and illustrator of "The Tomb of the Gods" series which began in Vampirella #17. The general consensus of our readers is that Maroto's work is the greatest. Wrote Massachusetts EERIE reader PETER MAHONEY, "Dax has absolutely fantastic art. Give us more Maroto!"

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

Early in the 1950's, when comic books were in their heyday (often called the First Golden Age), the best horror comics around were those published under the symbol EC (Entertaining Comics). The works of EC have been unearthed once again—in a beautiful hard-cover book and posters of the early covers (see page 62) and now in a full length movie called "Tales From The Crypt" from the EC comic of the same name. An article on the new EC horror movie, which features five of the old comics tales, appears in the latest issue of Famous Monsters, #91.



This grisly skeleton awaits you in the new comic book horror movie, "Tales From The Crypt."

CAT PANCEY

Mrs. Simpson is the perfect example of a nagging wife. Fat, stingy, lazy and critical of her husband, Patrick. When they married some twelve years ago, he had no idea what he was getting himself into—working five days a week, eight hours a day, coming home to a shrew of a wife and three dozen cats in place of the child they never had. Weekends were days he had to clean the cat's litter boxes, fix the house and any other assorted jobs she left for him while she sat in front of the television with the cats.

It was Monday, the grueling start of another week and Patrick sat at the breakfast table with his toast and coffee while she caught up on what she liked to call her "much needed beauty sleep." The big news in the morning paper was of a man who had murdered his wife. He folded the paper neatly and smiled.

He worked the whole day with one thought in mind, how to get rid of her. Around five p.m., he stared out the window at a cat digging at a dead bird and conceived his idea. On his way home, he stopped at the drugstore and bought a bottle of rat poison. It fit nicely into his pocket, so snugly that she

failed to notice it.

At dinner, he slipped the poison into her cup. "What's with you?" she asked, swallowing the coffee in one gulp. He smiled as she went into a fit of pain and fell forward onto the table, dead. He buried her deep in the rose garden late that night.

A week passed and nobody suspected anything, except the cats who had gone without food all week. Patrick decided to have a party over his success. He remembered the bottles of wine in the cellar (she never let him touch them) and went to get them.

The stairway was dark, one of the lights had blown out, and Patrick failed to see the cat on the step. He fell forward, smashing his arm on a shovel left hanging on the wall. In the dark, hardly able to see a thing as he tumbled, his hand grabbing at anything to break his fall, he slammed into a wall.

The cats came then, first just a few, then the horde, slow, gracefully loping down the cellar steps. At first, they nickered and pawed at Patrick as if he was a candy wrapper. Then they pulled at the meat under the clothes. After a week, they were hungry. By Dave Parker

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DAX THE WARRIOR

Tired and alone, amidst the unleashed fury of the storm, Dax senses his own frailty in the face of blind nature. While he can force the fear from his heart, he cannot erase the deep awareness that man, no matter what his individual strength or value, is ultimately little more than a helpless pawn, dwarfed by the power of a cosmic game of...

CHESS





FROM THE UNCANNY SILENCE OF THE THUNDERLESS STORM, AN UNKNOWN AND BRUTAL FORCE HURLS DAX FORWARD THROUGH TIMELESS SPACE.



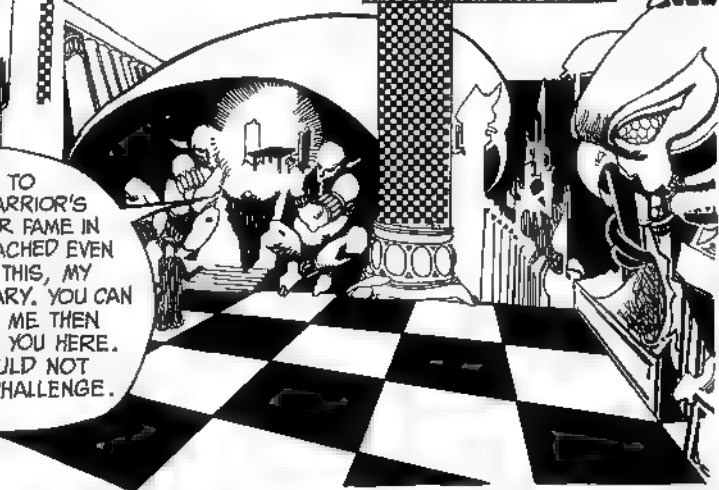
HE IS WITHIN THE CONFINES OF A GREAT HALL WHOSE HUGE CHECKERED FLOOR REMINDS HIM OF THE CHESS BOARD FROM HIS FORGOTTEN CHILDHOOD... HIS FATHER'S UNTIRING EFFORTS TO TEACH HIM THAT NOBLE GAME.

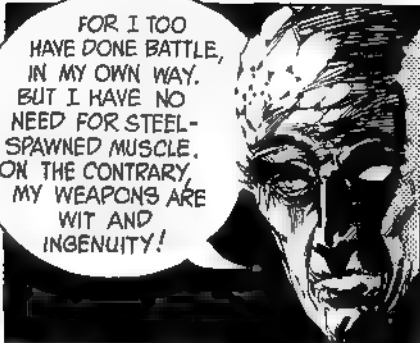


GRADUALLY, HIS SENSES RETURN AND HE FEELS BENEATH HIS KNEES THE COLD, SMOOTH TOUCH OF MARBLE--FLAG-STONES OF MARBLE, BLACK AND WHITE--SEEMING TO STRETCH INTO INFINITY




WELCOME TO THE CHESS WARRIOR'S KINGDOM. YOUR FAME IN BATTLE HAS REACHED EVEN THE SOLACE OF THIS, MY REMOTE SANCTUARY. YOU CAN HARDLY BLAME ME THEN FOR BRINGING YOU HERE. I SIMPLY COULD NOT RESIST THE CHALLENGE.

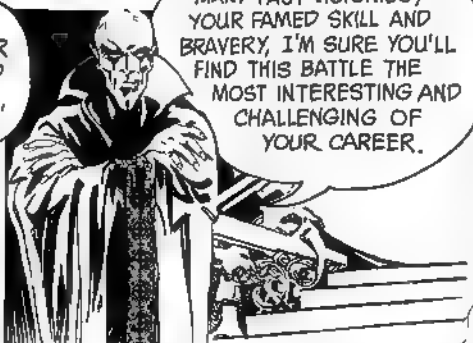




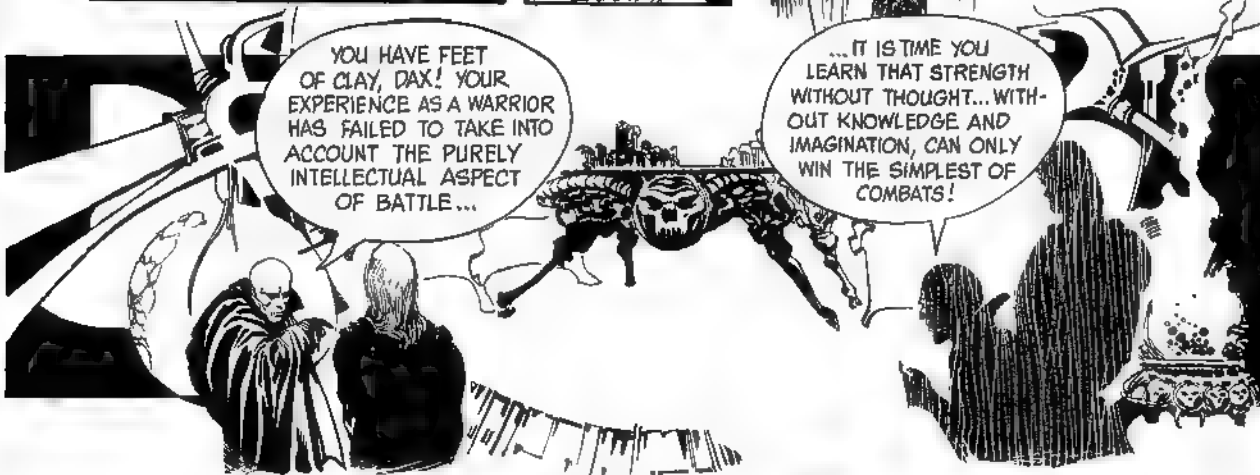
FOR I TOO
HAVE DONE BATTLE,
IN MY OWN WAY.
BUT I HAVE NO
NEED FOR STEEL-
SPAWNED MUSCLE.
ON THE CONTRARY,
MY WEAPONS ARE
WIT AND
INGENUITY!



FOR YOU SEE, DAX, I
AM THE CHESS MASTER
OF THE UNIVERSE, AND
YOU, BRAVE WARRIOR,
ARE THE CHALLENGER!



IN SPITE OF YOUR
MANY PAST VICTORIES,
YOUR FAMED SKILL AND
BRAVERY, I'M SURE YOU'LL
FIND THIS BATTLE THE
MOST INTERESTING AND
CHALLENGING OF
YOUR CAREER.




YOU HAVE FEET
OF CLAY, DAX! YOUR
EXPERIENCE AS A WARRIOR
HAS FAILED TO TAKE INTO
ACCOUNT THE PURELY
INTELLECTUAL ASPECT
OF BATTLE...

... IT IS TIME YOU
LEARN THAT STRENGTH
WITHOUT THOUGHT... WITH-
OUT KNOWLEDGE AND
IMAGINATION, CAN ONLY
WIN THE SIMPLEST OF
COMBATS!


FACE TO FACE STAND TWO DIFFERENT
KINDS OF MEN: DAX, WHOSE EXPLOITS
IN BATTLE HAVE TAUGHT HIM THAT
PHYSICAL POWER AND SKILL BRING
VICTORY... AND THE STRANGER, A
MASTER OF THE POWERS OF
THOUGHT, A MANIPULATOR OF
THE MIND.



WARM AND DRY, DAX
WONDERS AT THE ICY
SHIVER CLUTCHING HIS SPINE.



IN ORDER TO MAKE THE
GAME MORE INTERESTING, I HAVE
TAKEN THE LIBERTY OF SELECTING OUR
CHESS PIECES... I'M SURE THOSE I
HAVE CHOSEN WILL LEND A CERTAIN
MYSTERY TO THE GAME... INDEED,
ENCOURAGE YOU TO EMPLOY THE
BURNED OUT EDGES OF YOUR WIT!



CHOOSE
YOUR WORDS
CAREFULLY,
MAGICIAN!

WITHOUT WARNING, HUGE, LIVING CHESS PIECES MATERIALIZE. HOWEVER THEY ARE NOT SIMPLE STATUES OF IVORY OR ONYX. INSTEAD, DAX RECOGNIZES HIS FATHER, HIS FRIENDS, HIS MANY RELATIVES ... RETURNED FROM THE LONG NIGHT OF DEATH. THEY STAND SILENT AND STILL, READY TO TAKE PART IN THE STRANGE, DEMONIC BATTLE BORN OF THE CHESS WARRIOR'S IMAGINATION.



DO YOU THINK YOU WILL ENJOY THE LITTLE GAME, DAX? ARE THE STAKES HIGH ENOUGH? HOWEVER, PAY MIND TO THIS, DAX!! THEY ARE ALL YOURS, RETURNED TO LIFE FOR THIS VERY OCCASION. THEIR EXISTENCE DEPENDS SOLELY UPON YOUR SKILL. IF THEY DIE NOW, THEY DIE FOREVER!!

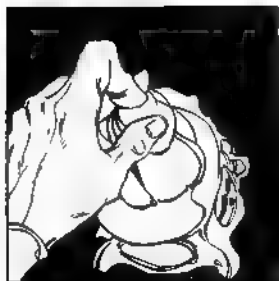
ALAS, THEY CANNOT ANSWER YOU, DAX. FOR, ALTHOUGH THEY CAN HEAR, SEE, SUFFER, AND PERHAPS EVEN DIE, THEY CAN NEITHER SPEAK NOR MOVE BY THEMSELVES. THEY CAN ONLY AT YOUR COMMAND! THEY ARE YOUR FIGURE PIECES!!

FATHER! WHAT MANNER OF EVIL MAGIC IS THIS? TELL ME HOW YOU HAVE RETURNED TO LIFE! WHAT MUST I DO, FATHER?

AND LOOK, DAX! THE BLACKS!! **MY** FIGURE PIECES! **THEY** ARE AT **MY** COMMAND! I BELIEVE WE ARE READY. LET US BEGIN.



IN THE SHADOW OF FATE, THE MORTAL GAME BEGINS!

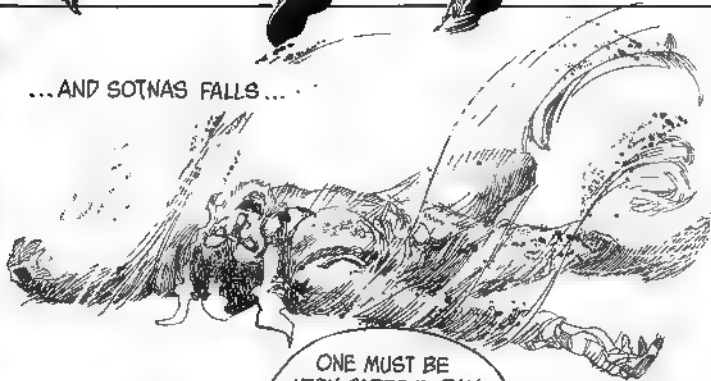


A SINGLE GESTURE BECOMES
A MORTAL FIGHT...

EACH MOVEMENT ON THE BOARD IS ENACTED
BY THE LIVING FIGURES IN THE HALL. DAX,
DEATHLY AWARE THAT A FALSE MOVE CAN
MEAN DEATH, CALCULATES... DELIBERATES.
FINALLY, HE MOVES A PAWN. IT IS SOTNAS,
A GOOD AND TRUSTY COMPANION. THE
CHESS WARRIOR, TOO, MAKES HIS MOVE.



...AND SOTNAS FALLS ...



ONE MUST BE
VERY CAREFUL, DAX.
YOU HAVE LOST A
PIECE ...OR SHOULD
I SAY, A
FRIEND...!



WHUMP!



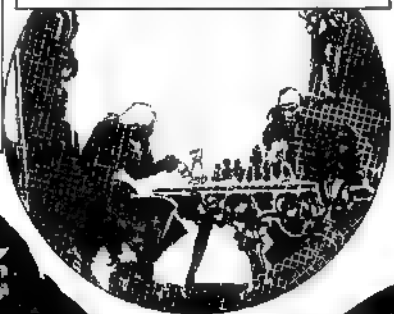
DAX'S PROWESS AS A WARRIOR CANNOT HELP HIM IN THIS GAME OF WITS. ALL TOO SOON, HE IS LEFT WITH ONLY TWO WHITE PIECES... THE KING, HIS FATHER, AND ONE PAWN, GOOD KINDLY KAG.



SILENTLY, HE REGRETS NOT HAVING LISTENED MORE CAREFULLY TO HIS FATHER WHEN, YEARS AGO, THE WISE PATRIARCH EMPHASIZED THE VALUE OF THOUGHT OVER HEEDLESS ACTION.



HOW IRONIC THAT NOW HIS OWN CARELESSNESS MIGHT CAUSE HIS FATHER'S DEATH! A CRUEL SMIRK TWISTS THE CHESS WARRIOR'S LIPS UNTIL HE SMILES VICTORIOUSLY.

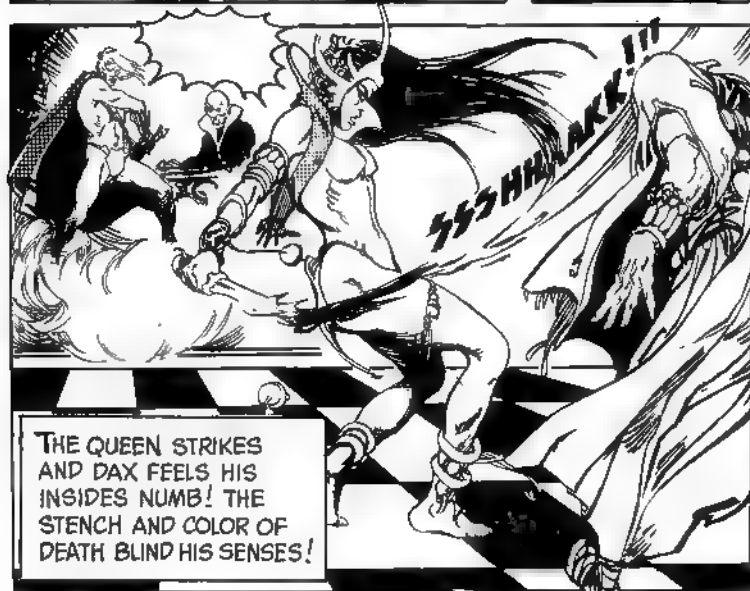
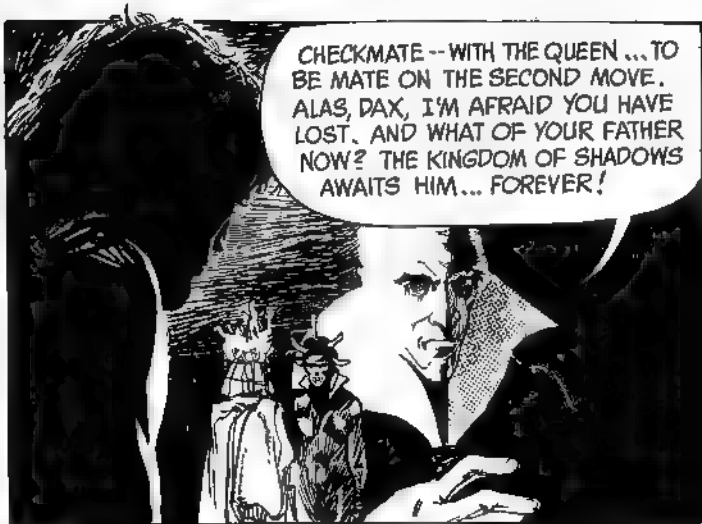


COME, DAX!
YOU HAVE ONLY
ONE MOVE TO
MAKE. THE OUT-
COME IS INEVITABLE.
YOUR CHOICES ARE
LIMITED. YOUR MOVES
PREDETERMINED! COME,
DAX. YOUR MOVE,
WARRIOR!

HIS HAND TREMBLING WITH THE DESIRE TO GRAB HIS SWORD, DAX STRUGGLES WITH THE PROBLEMS OF THE GAME. HIS MIND BLURS, HIS POWERS OF THOUGHT FAIL. IN THIS GAME OF INTELLECTUAL WIT, HE IS TOTALLY UNARMED!



CHECKMATE -- WITH THE QUEEN ... TO BE MATE ON THE SECOND MOVE. ALAS, DAX, I'M AFRAID YOU HAVE LOST. AND WHAT OF YOUR FATHER NOW? THE KINGDOM OF SHADOWS AWAITS HIM... FOREVER!



THE QUEEN STRIKES AND DAX FEELS HIS INSIDES NUMB! THE STENCH AND COLOR OF DEATH BLIND HIS SENSES!



FATHER! NO, FATHER! HE MUST BE ALLOWED TO LIVE!

THE POWERS OF THE MIND SUCCUMB TO THOSE OF MUSCLE. HIS HAND FIRMLY ON HIS SWORD, DAX FEELS THE ONLY POWER HE HAS EVER KNOWN.



STOP! THIS IS NOT PROPER! YOU CANNOT INTERVENE! YOU HAVE NO POWER HERE! YOUR POWER WAS AT THE BOARD! YOU HAVE LOST!

CAUGHT IN THE GRIP OF ANGER,
THE RULES OF THE GAME SEEM
PITIFULLY UNIMPORTANT TO DAX.
THE MOST PRIMEVAL EMOTIONS
SURGE THROUGH HIS VERY BEING
AS HE WATCHES THE MAN WHO
GAVE HIM LIFE FALL TO THE COLD
MARBLE FLOOR, THE BLACK
QUEEN MUST ALSO FALL...



BARBARIAN! YOU PLAYED THE
GAME AND LOST! IF YOU
CANNOT TOLERATE DEFEAT,
YOU MUST RETURN TO YOUR
OWN MINDLESS WORLD!



BEGONE
THEN BEFORE
I DESTROY
YOU!

BRACOOO!!



WITH THE SWIFTHNESS OF THOUGHT ITSELF,
ANOTHER SIMPLE GESTURE BY THE CHESS
WARRIOR TRANSPORTS DAX BACK THROUGH
TIMELESS SPACE. HIS FATEFUL JOURNEY HAS
COME FULL CIRCLE AND HE IS ONCE
AGAIN, ALONE.



ON THE WATER LADEN GROUND,
DAX AGAIN EXPERIENCES THE WRATH AND
FURY OF THE COSMIC TEMPEST. TO HIS
BATTERED CONSCIOUSNESS, THE ENTIRE CHESS GAME SEEMS
LIKE A DISTANT DREAM, A MEMORY, OR PERHAPS A HALLUCINA-
TION... EXCEPT FOR ONE GRIM REMINDER...





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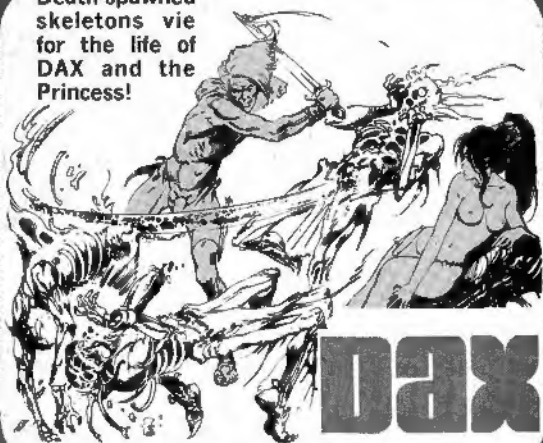
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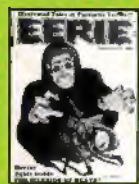
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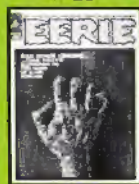
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